THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

*Greatest Circulation in the World*

*"The Nation's Reading Habit"*

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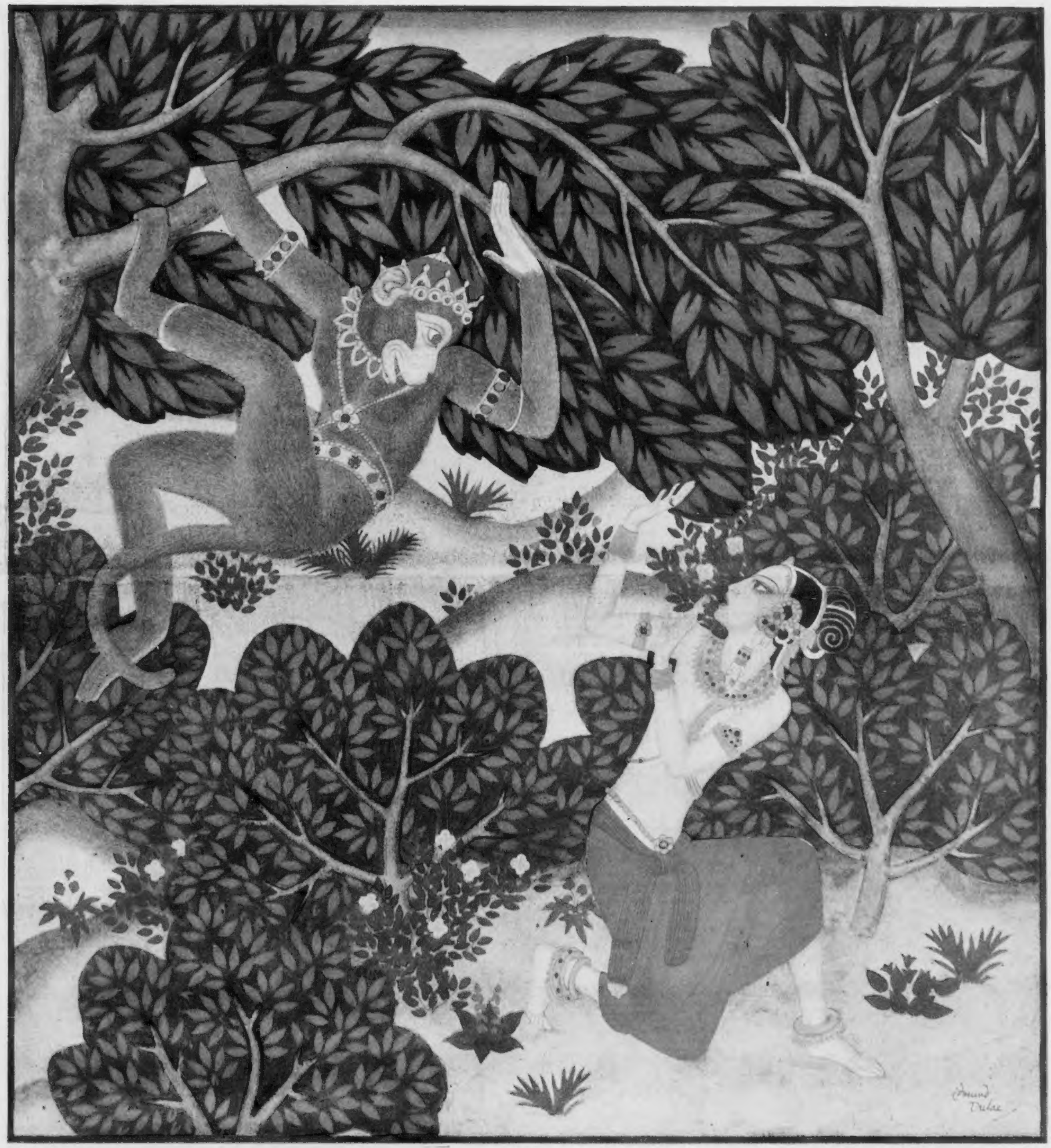
Sunday, May 9, 1937



# *Beauty and the Beast*

## *Ancient Myths Interpreted by Edmund Dulac*

**HANUMAN BIDS SITA FAREWELL—**

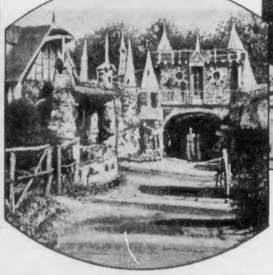
MR. DULAC'S final drawing of beauty and beast legends is based on the Ramayana, epic poem of ancient Hindu mythology. The demon Ravana was so unkind to the gods that they came to earth in the shape of apes and men because only to these was he vulnerable. Vishnu, second of the gods, was on earth Rama, who married Sita, queen of stars.

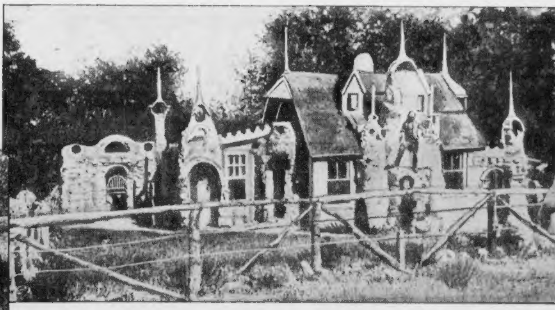
The demon carried off Sita, whose husband avenged this with the help of the ape-god Hanuman. When Hanuman found Sita, she was overjoyed, for the demon was trying to make her surrender her chastity. But in her modesty she refused to let the ape-god carry her away, for she would not touch the body of any male but her husband. Hanuman leaves her with a debonair salute; it remains for Rama to kill the demon and take Sita home.

# "Depression Palace" Built From Odds And Ends

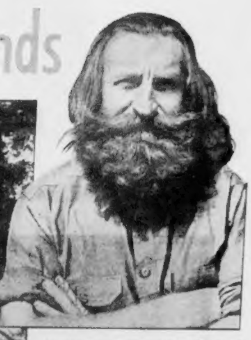
George Daynor, Posed Before One of His Turret-like Decorations, at Palace Depression, Vineland, N. J.

The Entrance From the Road Includes a Tunnel, in Which the Builder May Be Seen.





General View of the Strange Structure, Built Out of Odds and Ends Into a Picturesque and Uniquely Conceived Architectural Effect.



Daynor, the Former Gold Miner and Adventurer, With His Fine Wingspread of Mustache and a Luxuriant Crop of Accompanying Whiskers.

WHAT, in many ways, is the strangest building in this country lifts its fantastic towers from a boggy piece of ground in Vineland, New Jersey. It's builder—George Daynor—fashioned the structure from a great variety of odds and ends and named it the Palace Depression because it kept him busy and happy during three lean years when he couldn't seem to find a place for himself in the jumbled economic scheme.

To begin at the beginning of this curious undertaking, Mr. Daynor, who says he once prospected for gold in Alaska, was on his way across the country. He had set out from Seattle and was moving East, on foot and by automobile, when he managed to stop some motorist with the familiar sign of the hitch-hiker.

On the way to the eastern seaboard, says Mr. Daynor, an angelic spirit appeared to him in a dream and directed him to the State of New Jersey, where, said the vision, he would build himself a home—a haven of peace, away from bread lines and all such depressing phenomena. Nature, the angel further explained, would see to it that the wanderer got along all right while he was erecting his dream dwelling.

According to the master of the Palace Depression the words of the guiding spirit began to come true when a motorist nearly ran him down in Vineland, New Jersey. The man was a dealer in real estate. He gave Daynor permission to squat on a boggy spot which was an automobile graveyard, noisy with the croaking of frogs and the buzzing of mosquitoes.

Wasting no time the ex-gold miner dug ditches to drain the swamp, began wrestling with some old chunks of concrete as a foundation for his palace. He used clay for mortar.

Laboring without tools, without money and with no help from anyone, he put in long hours, salvaging his materials from the cluttered dumping ground. From the muck of the bog he dug petrified pieces of wood, stones, discarded lengths of metal. These things went into the walls.

Battered and rusted automobile fenders became the arches of doors. The grilled ends of iron bedsteads were pressed into service as gates. The angel spirit had, it seems, advised Mr. Daynor that his palace should have no less than 18 spires. He kept this architectural detail in mind as he worked.

Here and there about the dump were piles of old brick. These were pounded to dust so that the builder could work them into clay and give his walls the artistic quality of color. He used sand, too, to vary the color scheme, and mixed the brick dust and the sand with old cans of oil which had been drained from the crank cases of mechanical wrecks scattered about the dump.

"So many original ideas leaped before me," says the bearded boss of the Palace Depression. "The whole graveyard seemed to spring up and fall into position on my house until the eighteenth gleaming spire and dome glittered in the dawn of a new day. At night I crept into an old automobile body. My beard and my long hair made me almost mosquito-proof. I looked and felt like a hermit. Snapper turtles and slippery eels furnished food. I caught pheasants and rabbits. They made good meals. I made sassafras tea to wash my food down with."

Further details of Mr. Daynor's life while he was planning and building his queer castle are given in a brief pamphlet which he wrote and distributes to visitors to his spectacular home. "Day and night for three long years," the document reads, "from sunrise to sunset, I labored. Time and food were given no thought in the construction of the Palace Depression. Sustenance was supplied by laboring occasionally on a nearby farm, and a hidden stream produced fish."

Thousands of people have stopped to have a look at the Palace Depression and talk with its bearded builder who says he has had the design, inside and out, copyrighted so that no man may reproduce his inspired abode. The owner accepts a small fee from those who call on him.

# Ma Duck Ducked, So Cat Adopted "Babies"

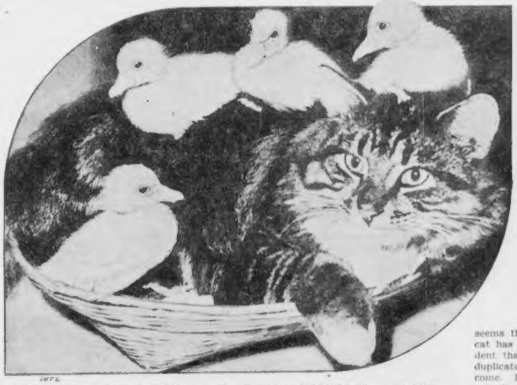
THERE may be, somewhere in the world, another tom cat like "Mike," but his owners, who live on a farm in Seattle, Washington, won't believe it until they have plain proof of a rival.

As the photograph amusingly shows, this male feline, who can hold his own with the toughest "toms" in his neighborhood, recently adopted a quartet of fuzzy ducklings abandoned by their hard-boiled mother.

The female of the species might be expected to assume the maternal duties ducked by the mother duck but the odds would have been 1,000 to 1 that "Mike" would play any such role. He did, however, and gave the little waddlers the best of care, protecting them from dogs and cats and permitting them to walk all over his sleek back. Even when they picked at his bewhiskered snout with their round bills he only moved his head out of the way and didn't chastise them with a warning nip.

From time to time female cats, forgetting their instincts, have played mother to chickens and, on rare occasions, to broods of wild birds. Alert photographers have made records of such surprising behavior. But it seems that the Seattle tom cat has established a precedent that isn't likely to be duplicated for some time to come. His owner says he actually seemed to enjoy his queer job.

The ducks are very fond of their foster-father.



A Tom Cat With Fatherly Instincts, in Seattle, Adopted This Family of Ducklings When Ma Duck Ducked Out. Mike, the Cat, Is Proud of the Brood and Is Raising the "Babies," and the Fact That He Hasn't Eaten Any of Them Yet Seems to Be Fair Life Insurance for the Youngsters.

# Sing and Reduce Blood Pressure, Says Scientist

BERLIN.

FOR many years doctors have been devising ways of cutting down that uncomfortable and dangerous ailment known as high blood pressure. Some progress has been made and, now, a German scientist by the name of Dr. Herbert Biehle thinks that he has an easier and better method of reducing the pressure of the blood than any scheme demanding the use of medicine or instruments. Just sing, day after day, he says and, if you have high blood pressure you'll feel better and, in many cases, be completely cured.

Not long ago Dr. Biehle published his interesting theory in a German publication called The Medical Weekly. He cited many a case which seemed to lend some weight to his statements. He had, he explained, examined 83 well-known professional singers in Germany and discovered that not one of them had high blood pressure.

He deduced that singing prevents that unfortunate condition and assumed that, if it prevents it, it also can relieve the ailment and, sometimes, cure it. So he went into several of Berlin's leading hospitals and continued his experiments with patients suffering from high blood pressure. He put them on a diet of song, so to speak, and varied the diet according to the condition of each patient.

After a few carefully supervised singing lessons he again examined the sufferers and found that every one of them had improved in health. In all except a few chronic cases, blood pressure went sharply down.

One woman, a 55-year-old painter who had gained some fame from her work with the brush, had been given up by several physicians. They had told her that there was nothing much they could do to lower the pressure of her blood. She had little faith in the singing lessons that Dr. Biehle recommended but was willing to try anything which might make her more comfortable.

Within three months she was so much better that she was discharged from the hospital, on the promise that she would continue with her singing. This one case convinced many eminent German physicians that Dr. Biehle has made a discovery which is worthy of serious consideration by the medical profession all over the world.

# Picking Hat Trimmings Right Off the Trees

A FEW smart girls in Miami, Florida, recently helped keep that much publicized community in the spotlight by a stunt which may have some common sense, as well as a generous portion of press agentry in it. They got the notion that the so-called airplant, shown in the photographs at the left, would look well on hats.

One young woman put a step-ladder against an oak tree in her back yard and climbed up to pluck a couple of the plants growing on the rough bark. She carefully removed the strange piece of vegetation and brought it to earth to set on the top of her new felt chapeau.

This pioneer in what may become a mild vogue in the Florida peninsula handled the plant tenderly and sewed it on in such a way that none of its "roots" was cut by the thread. Botanists say that no harm would have been done if she had injured a couple of the little tendrils, because the airplant is a tough piece of vegetation that can live under conditions that would soon kill ordinary plants. It actually draws a great deal of its food from the atmosphere and thrives on very little moisture.

The girl in the series of photographs says that her odd decoration for a modern hat is no trouble at all, because the plant will stay alive and green if it is given a few drops of water with a medicine dropper as seldom as once a month.

Natives of the Florida resort were quick to recognize the vegetable ornaments on the ingenious bonnets, but visitors who are not familiar with airplants did not, until they were told, appreciate that the decorations cost nothing and were hand-picked from trees.

For a long, long time the milliners of Paris and other fashion centers have been embellishing milady's top-pieces with imitations of some of the things that grow in the garden and the orchard. At the turn of the century, for example, the ponderous bonnets which some women sported on their heads were, in the words of observers, "sartorial hot houses."

Some of them were cluttered up with great clusters of artificial cherries. Others were ringed around with fabricated apple blossoms, interspersed with bulls-eye daisies and violets fashioned of cloth and colored to look more or less natural.

Then, of course, there was the day when the young woman who would be dressed in the most stylish of hats just had to have a bird fastened to the prow of the creation. This vogue had the nature lovers in something of a furore and the papers were filled with irate letters to the editor protesting the slaughter of beautiful and valuable creatures just to pander to feminine vanity and to swell the profits of the milliners.

Bluebirds, cardinals, even robins were sacrificed to invest women's hats with color and what the artists sometimes call "eye value." Among the women of the rich and leisured class it was not uncommon to see a beautiful Bird of Paradise—stuffed and mounted by some expert taxidermist—majestically roosting on a hat.

The airplant hats of Miami follow in the same tradition, but they are both humane and inexpensive. The plants live almost as well on a hat as on the limb of a tree.

It is rumored that several Florida milliners have seen possibilities in the odd idea and have hired boys to collect several hundred airplants to be used on their creations designed for the tourist trade.

The Prospective Owner of an Airplant Hat Merely Climbs Up a Ladder and Picks the Plant.

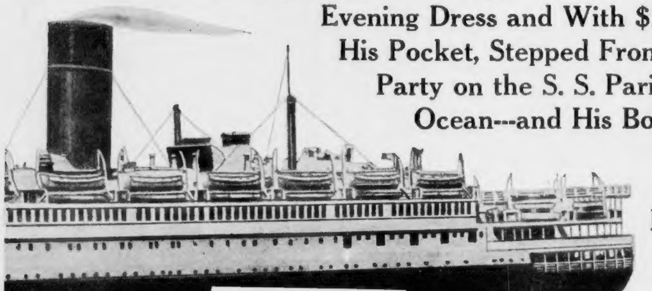
Then She Sews the Plant Into the Crown of the Headgear, and It Needs No Further Decoration. Will the Plant Live?

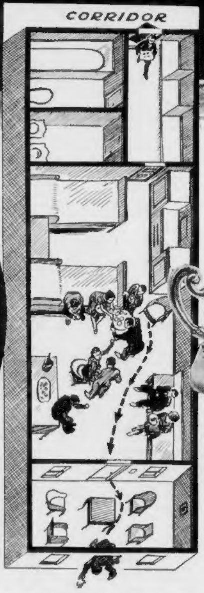
Yes, It Will Live Indefinitely If You Give It a Drop or Two of Water About Once a Month.

And It Makes a Nice Decoration, Much More Attractive Than Many Man-Made Millinery Gadgets.

# Was It Murder, Suicide or Accident?

## Unaccountable Tragedy of Playwright Vosper Who, in Evening Dress and With $25,000 in His Pocket, Stepped From a Gay Party on the S. S. Paris Into the Ocean---and His Body Was Washed Ashore 15 Days Later, Naked and 250 Miles Away





Stern of the S.S. Paris, Showing the Window (Marked by Cross) Through Which Vosper Is Believed to Have Disappeared; and Below It a Diagram of the Suite With Arrangement of the Doors and Position of the Veranda and the Fatal Window.

Frank Vosper, Popular English Playwright, Whose Strange Death Promises to Be Another of the Sea's Famous Unsolved Mysteries.

Miss Oxford, When She Won the Prize of "Miss England."

Mr. Peter Willes, Who Was the First to Spread the Alarm for the Missing Playwright.

Miss Muriel Oxford, English Beauty and Hostess of the Gay Party on the Liner, Who Saw Vosper Go Out Upon the Veranda From Which No One Ever Saw Him Return.

LONDON, May 3.

DRESSED in evening clothes and with $25,000 in his pocket, Frank Vosper, English actor-playwright, stepped out of "beauty queen" Muriel Oxford's stateroom on the French liner Paris—bound from New York to England—and vanished. An hour later the ship reached Plymouth, England; 15 days later and 250 miles away on the English coast, his naked body was washed up at the foot of Seven Sisters Cliff.

It must have been murder, suicide or accident and each of these three explanations is plausible and convincing up to a certain point but each is confronted by at least one contradictory fact which seems to destroy it. To begin with there is the purser's theory of murder. At the French investigation before Magistrate Cravin, at Le Havre, M. Dusser said that the accident theory was ridiculous and the suicide one contrary to nature because Vosper had not paid enough attention to the 22-year-old beauty to indicate any great degree of love-lunacy. When the Plymouth police first looked into the matter, one of them remarked:

"If the man was not murdered, he would have been very soon and it is strange that it had not happened earlier."

This opinion was based on the fact that Vosper had let it be known that he was carrying that extraordinary amount of currency on him. Anyone who commits such a rash blunder as this is certain to be robbed and if the robbery is on a ship where the robbers cannot flee, their safest move to avoid suspicion is to let the ocean make a mystery of their victim as it did in this case.

The logic of the situation was that some crook, perhaps one of the professional gamblers who always travel on liners, would knock him out, rob him and pitch him overboard. As some evidence that this happened, Vosper's teeth were knocked out and every article of clothing stripped from his body, presumably to prevent identification.

But, after this impressive start, the other pieces of the puzzle do not fit together so well. It was the last night before reaching England and while many of the other passengers were celebrating, this 37-year-old bachelor and author of the successful play, "Love From A Stranger" went to bed, explaining that he had important business the next day and wanted a clear head.

Sound asleep in his locked stateroom, he was nevertheless an easy prey for various kinds of stratagems. For instance the thief had only to knock on the door and say:

"Radiogram for you, sir."

The author-actor, stupid with sleep, would have opened the door and the rest would have been easy. But Death did not send for him just that way. The voice that called to open the door was the familiar one of his old friend and stateroommate, Peter Willes, son of the Recorder of Coventry and a youth of unquestionable honesty. He told him with great enthusiasm that Muriel Oxford, the "Miss England of 1935" and "Queen of the ship" insisted on his coming to a champagne party in her stateroom.

Vosper did not want to go and Peter testified at the Eastbourne inquest that he fairly dragged him out of bed. Finally the luckless man realized that his night's sleep was ruined, regretfully got back into his evening clothes and reached the brunette beauty's stateroom safely. She was returning home to England after an engagement in a New York night club.

At the party, besides the hostess, and Vosper and Peter, were Ernest Hemingway, the novelist; Mademoiselle Lucienne Tragin, the French singer and the Marquis de Polignac. In the presence of all those people it is conceivable that an adroit rascal might have picked the playwright's pocket and it seems that several strangers did blunder into the party, have a drink and blunder out again. But nobody could have offered anyone violence, unnoticed. There was plenty of champagne opened and before that much stronger drinks consumed at the ship's bar, which Vosper had mostly missed and therefore was easily the soberest person at the party.

After about an hour, Peter Willes found Vosper whispering in his ear that he was bored by all the drunken blathering and for Peter please not to make a fuss when he took the first opportunity to escape back to bed.

Miss Oxford says that probably about this time, though nobody's recollections are very definite, Vosper told her he would like to step out on her veranda for a breath of air. The veranda is a recent novelty in ship construction. From the stateroom a door opens to a little enclosed space, within the skin of the ship. In the outside wall is a window, swinging outboard, 17 inches wide by 32 inches high. The sea was smooth, there was little wind and Miss Oxford remembers leaving Vosper alone on the balcony and returning to her party.

Perhaps ten minutes, perhaps half an hour, elapsed before the hostess, superintending the opening of another quart, missed Vosper and asked someone to call him in. The veranda was empty, the window wide open. They stuck out puzzled and worried heads but saw nothing except hissing black water far below.

Peter ran to Vosper's stateroom but his friend was not there. He called a steward who caused a hasty search of the ship to be made and then notified the bridge. Back went the liner, her searchlights playing over the sea. Had it been daylight and the man still afloat they might possibly have spotted him. At night it was just an empty gesture but it had to be made.

Could a thug who knew of the large sum of money Vosper was carrying have followed him and managed somehow to get on the veranda without anyone seeing him?

At once the weakness of the murder theory becomes apparent. Certainly no murderer was hiding on that veranda from which there was no escape for him but back through the crowded drawing room of the suite or to follow his victim into the ocean. The fact that Vosper's teeth were knocked out is offset by the fact that one leg was also cut off, for which a murderer would have no possible motive. The indication is that both injuries were inflicted by the propellers of the Paris or some other vessel.

Yet who stripped him of all his clothes? A fairly good swimmer, Vosper might well have removed his coat and kicked off his patent leather pumps but certainly not his trousers and underwear. It has been suggested that someone finding the body floating, searched the pockets and coming upon the $25,000, removed and destroyed the clothing to prevent identification. If so why didn't he make the job certain by mutilating the face?

A final question was raised by the Government experts on tides and currents. These pointed out that the body had traveled 250 miles in 15 days which was more than twice as far as it could have been moved by the forces of nature. Can it be that after all someone found, robbed and stripped the body and then moved it another 100 miles so it would not drift ashore too near his own place?

Sussex fishermen have pointed out that the body might have been caught in a trawler's net and dragged in from the ocean close to the shore, before becoming disentangled. That might account for that 250 miles journey of the dead man.

Captain de la Geranderie's theory of suicide starts out on an even stronger basis than the purser's murder hypothesis. Persons in the next stateroom to Miss Oxford's tragic party gave up trying to get any sleep and amused themselves trying to make sense out of half a dozen voices all talking at once. Two of these unhappy listeners stated that suddenly out of the babble, a man's voice shouted:

"If you don't promise to marry me, I'll jump into the sea."

Those on the other side of the partition were somewhat startled for a moment but when it was answered by a peal of feminine laughter and the general jabbering went on as before, they decided it was "just the champagne talking" and not very serious. Nevertheless the threat was made and not very long afterward, Vosper went from that stateroom into the ocean. This is too much of a coincidence for the orderly, disciplined mind of a ship's captain to swallow and besides, he has heard that these "beauty queens" are always making somebody commit suicide or doing it themselves.

The suicide theory was strengthened at first by a certain lack of frankness among some members of the party. The beautiful "Miss England" denied that any such words had been spoken and so did the others. Then Peter announced that he was the one who threatened to jump into the sea—but merely as a joke.

Also they said, at first, that she had never met Vosper until that very evening. Later it was admitted that they had met just out of New York but she had forgotten about him until the party.

This looked as if an effort was being made to conceal something but soon the real truth began to come out. Vosper had known Miss Oxford for some time and had spoken a few words to her the first day out. However, he had worked like a slave all the way over, revising his new play, something he would hardly have done had there been on board a woman he loved to the point of suicide. Also on that last night he had gone to bed from which he had to be almost dragged by his overexuberant friend, Peter.

Furthermore Vosper was a bachelor who disapproved of marriage, as a losing game for the man, sometimes referring to a man's wife as his "necessary evil." His intimate friends agree that his experience with women had been so extensive that it was improbable that one, at his age, could drive him to death. The man had no other motive for suicide, being successful as an author and even more so as an actor, having plenty of money besides that $25,000 he was carrying for some unexplained reason, and was full of ambition, in excellent health and spirits.

Nevertheless, the suicide theory was supported by the testimony given at the inquest by Charles Carbon, a steward, who said he was called to the cabin at 2:45 a. m. and found Miss Oxford and Willes "lying side by side" on a divan, with Vosper standing motionless before them. He described Miss Oxford and Willes as "a little merry," but said Vosper was "normal and silent." Sent for another bottle of champagne, he returned in five minutes, to learn that Vosper had disappeared from the balcony

The actor-author was exceptionally nearsighted, and this is the basis of the accident theory advanced by his father, Dr. Percy Vosper, and other relatives.

They do not suggest that he leaned against the window and lurched out involuntarily. He was too large a man to have fallen through so small an aperture. They believe that he had the idea that the veranda overhung the deck below and that all he had to do was drop a few feet to be free to go to his stateroom. Opening the window and looking down he saw nothing but blackness and, being nearsighted he did not realize that he was looking down on the ship's side into the ocean. So he lowered himself out and dropped to his death.

The main weakness in this theory is that Vosper was a cautious, intelligent man, 37 years old and reasonably sober. His nearsightédness was an old affliction and experiénce had taught him to be almost as careful as a blind man where he did not know his way. Vanity of the actor, kept him from wearing glasses in public but he always had them in his pocket, would have put them on on the veranda and been able to see what was below him.

Marks were found on the window ledge, as if made by rubber heels and scratches in the paint that might have been made by finger nails but nobody is certain how long they had been there.

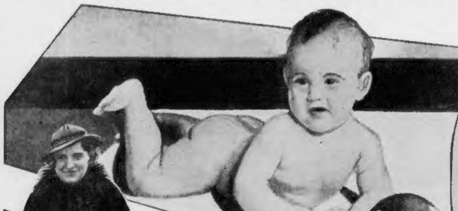
Then there was a mysterious telegram which was received by a friend of Marjorie Vosper, the playwright's sister. This arrived shortly after news of his disappearance had been published in England, and it announced that regardless of what the newspapers had reported he would be on the boat train when it reached London. But no one seems to know who sent this message, or why it was sent.

Miss Vosper, however, was so certain of its truth that she went to meet the train, and when it came to a stop in Paddington station, she ran up and down the platform, searching for her brother. But he was not there.

Fifteen days later the body which has been identified as his was washed ashore. There seems to be little doubt that it was his body, for his father looked at it and said it was.

Murder, suicide or accident—what was it? The coroner's jury returned an "open verdict," which means they were unable to decide.

# Two Student "Mothers" A Week For The Scientific Twins



Rose Ann, the Quieter and More Sensitive Twin, One of the "Youngest Graduates" of the Home Economics Department This Year.

Mary Alice, the More Curious Youngster, Who Has an Urge for Exploring and Finding Out Things.

Center—The Student "Mothers" Have the Entire Care of the Children, Including Their Morning Bath. The Babies Seldom Cry.

Mary Alice and Rose Ann Out for an Airing. A Daily "Pram" Trip Is Part of Their Routine at College.

THE youngest members of the graduating class of the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University are twins, named Mary Alice and Rose Ann. On the day that the diplomas are handed out they will be about 13 months old.

These little girls, who don't have to worry their young heads with books, were enrolled at the college when they were about a month old. Their real mother died soon after they were born and arrangements were made for them to be brought up scientifically by student "mothers" working under the direction of Prof. Helen Monsch, head of the food and nutrition department, an able doctor and a capable trained nurse.

The students at the New York State College of Home Economics have taken care of youngsters before in order to apply their lectures and their book learning, but this is the first time that the young women have been favored with twins.

Mary Alice was made the special charge of the freshmen students and Rose Ann was assigned to the young women of the senior class. The girls took turns bringing up the twins, two of them playing the role of mother for a week at a time. During this period the "mothers" had to do almost everything that a mother in a home would have to do for an infant.

They had to get up about six o'clock in the morning, wash the babies, dress them and prepare their carefully planned breakfast consisting of a milk formula, vegetable water and egg yolk.

This is the start of a busy day for the student "mothers." They see to it that the babies get their morning and their afternoon naps, that they eat just the right things at 10 o'clock in the morning, two o'clock in the afternoon and again at five o'clock in the evening. The "mothers" have to wheel them about the paths of the campus on pleasant days and watch them while they play indoors before the evening feeding. They have to bathe and dress them and keep their clothes washed.

Along with their other studies they mix milk formulas, strain vegetables, cook fruit. They do everything that the mothers of babies in the home have to do—and, by and large, they do a better job of it because they have the latest scientific information on diet, exercise and the general care of the very young.

At six o'clock Mary Alice and Rose Ann, having been given a warm bath and dressed in clean sleeping clothes, are tucked in bed. But the student "mothers" sleep in the same apartment with the infants to attend to them at night, if they need looking after.

Doctors and laymen who have seen the twins say that they are in unusually good condition, physically and mentally. They are more advanced than average youngsters of their age and already drink from cups which they hold in their little hands. They seldom cry.

When the little girls are "graduated" in June they will go to live with their father, who will be prepared to care for them then. Their foster "mothers" will miss them.

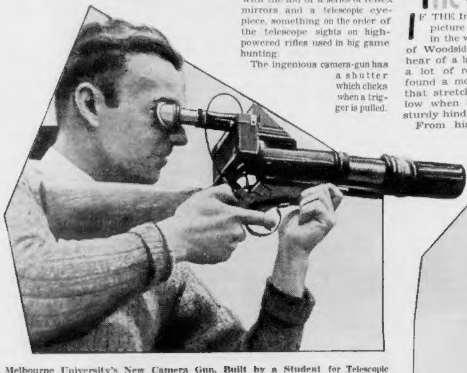
A Young Co-Ed Seeing That Mary Alice Gets Her Vitamins and Calories.

# Taking Pictures With a "Gun"

THE man in the picture below is not an American policeman with a "typewriter" captured in the arsenal of some hard-boiled gangster. He's a student at Melbourne University, Australia, with a camera which he made himself and which takes some of the finest long-distance "shots" ever made.

The peaceful piece of "firearms" is built around a small camera with a highly efficient lens. It is focussed with the aid of a series of reflex mirrors and a telescopic eyepiece, something on the order of the telescope sights on high-powered rifles used in big game hunting.

The ingenious camera-gun has a shutter which clicks when a trigger is pulled.



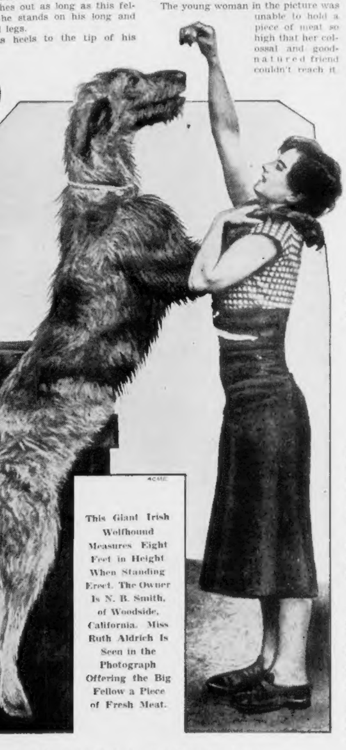
Melbourne University's New Camera Gun, Built by a Student for Telescopic Photography. It Is Focussed by Reflex Mirrors.

# The Colossus of All Canines?

IF THE Irish wolfhound shown in the picture below isn't the biggest dog in the world, then Mr. N. B. Smith, of Woodside, California, would like to hear of a larger one. He has checked a lot of records and, as yet, hasn't found a member of the canine species that stretches out as long as this fellow when he stands on his long and sturdy hind legs.

From his heels to the tip of his snout this wolfhound, which is large even for a breed that grows big naturally, measures exactly eight feet. When he puts his front paws on the shoulders of a six-foot man, he sticks up a couple of feet beyond the top of the man's head.

The young woman in the picture was unable to hold a piece of meat so high that her colossal and good-natured friend couldn't reach it.



ACME

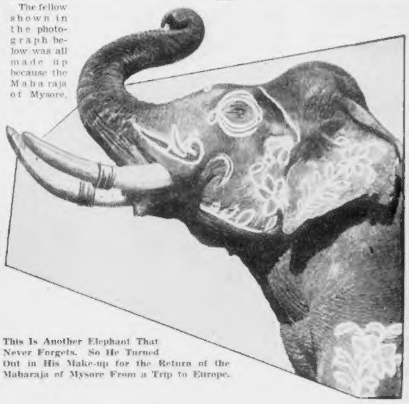
This Giant Irish Wolfhound Measures Eight Feet in Height When Standing Erect. The Owner Is N. B. Smith, of Woodside, California. Miss Ruth Aldrich Is Seen in the Photograph Offering the Big Fellow a Piece of Fresh Meat.

# Yes, Even Elephants Wear Makeup

EVERY maharaja in India has a flock of elephants which he uses in state processions and for hunting the wily and dangerous tiger in the jungles. The elephants that carry the poobah and his friends are big and have the richest kind of equipment. Some of the robes draped over their broad backs are of silk and brocade and are studded with jewels, and the faces and necks of the beasts are painted in artistic designs when they are pressed into service for state occasions.

The fellow shown in the photograph below was all made up because the Maharaja of Mysore, who owns him, along with a dozen other splendid specimens of the breed, was coming back home after a pleasure jaunt about the capitals of Europe.

The expert make-up man of the stables got out the royal paint pot and fixed jumbo up around the eyes, the ears, on the face above his metal-covered tusks and, here and there, on the wrinkled neck. From the Western point of view the beast looked silly, but it's an old Indian custom.



This Is Another Elephant That Never Forgets. So He Turned Out in His Make-up for the Return of the Maharaja of Mysore From a Trip to Europe.

# The Dangerous Age for Japanese

SO NUMEROUS have suicides become in Japan during the past few years that the Crime Prevention Section of the Japanese Home Office recently undertook to find out just why the almond-eyed citizens of the Land of the Cherry Blossom want to destroy themselves in such numbers, at what age they are most likely to end their lives by violent means, and the time of year when most of them have the urge to do away with themselves.

The Government published its interesting statistics the other day which seemed to show that the dangerous age for would-be suicides is from twenty to thirty, and that May is the favorite month for "shuffling off this mortal coil," as Shakespeare put it. Most suicides get around to killing themselves at night, usually between 10 and 11 o'clock.

The figures show that, from 1931 to 1935, some 15,653 persons committed suicide in Japan. As close as they can catalog the causes, illness heads the list with 3,298, and domestic trouble comes next with 1,325. Insanity took third place with 1,139, and "mental depression" follows with 1,085. "Lost love," as the analysts put it, took an even thousand and, strangely enough, unemployment is in last place with a mere 767 deaths.

The favorite method of self-destruction in Japan is poisoning. Of the many suicides more than 6,800 ended their lives by taking deadly potions of one sort or another. Another 2,452 chose the more spectacular way of jumping into the smoking craters of volcanoes and 2,243 drowned themselves. Almost 1,800 of the country's suicides during a four-year stretch thought hanging was the best way of saying goodbye to the world.

That the dangerous age of Japanese who, for one reason or another, consider putting an end to their misery is between twenty and thirty is shown by the fact that some 7,600 men and women within that bracket committed suicide. Men, it seems, are more prone to self-destruction than women, numbering almost two to one in the grim business which has the government alarmed.

During the past year or two special guards have been stationed on the rims of volcanoes to which unbalanced or depressed people are attracted. Everyone who ventures near the edge of the chasm is closely questioned by the guards, and if there is the least suspicion that the "sightseer" is in a blue mood and thinking of taking a dive into the boiling pit he is shooed to a safer spot. Now and then a determined suicide outwits the usually alert police.

# How "Swing" Music Reformed the Cow

MUSIC, as some sage long ago remarked, may have power to soothe the savage breast and—if a farmer in Greenfield, Indiana, is right—to inspire cows to give more milk. The farmer's name is Almon Wickard and, besides being an able tiller of the soil, he's an enthusiastic radio fan.

Because he was missing some of his favorite programs during milking time at night he had a receiving set installed in his barn so he could tune in on the programs coming over the air while he was milking his two cows.

The bossies didn't seem to mind the melody at all, not even the crooners, and Farmer Wickard enjoyed milking time more than he ever had in all his years on the soil. He didn't think the cows paid any attention to the pleasant sounds because they exhibited no nervousness beyond an occasional placid flick of an ear.

But, after a day or two, according to Mr. Wickard, he began to notice that strange and highly desirable things were taking place. Before he rigged up the scheme of having music with his evening chores in the tie-up a three-gallon bucket would hold all the milk that he drew from the udders of his two cows. But within a week he needed two such buckets because the flow of milk had jumped up two full gallons.

The powers-that-be in the State College of Agriculture haven't yet taken the trouble to check up on Mr. Wickard's interesting discovery and, in fact, it does seem a little incredible that the sounds that come out of the country's broadcasting studios, pleasant as they may be, could have such a beneficial effect on the bovine mind and system.

Farmer Wickard is known in his neighborhood as a man who sticks pretty close to the gospel truth, and some of his neighbors have, it is reported, looked into his unwitting experiment in dairying with a view to doing likewise in their own barns.

The Indiana farmer has noted another satisfying result of his radio installation—the cows are getting to enjoy the music and, in turning away from their hay to listen to the music, they eat much less than they used to.

# From "Little Egypt's" Hootchy-Kootchy to the "Strip-Tease"

## How the Famous "Streets of Cairo" Star, Who Recently Died, Started a Progression of Dances That Have Grown Steadily Less Innocent and More Daring

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**1—"Little Egypt," Who Became the Most Talked-Of Feature at the Chicago World's Fair Forty-four Years Ago by Introducing the Hootchy-Kootchy Dance.**

**2—Lottie Collins, the Noisy Dancer, Who Topped "Little Egypt's" Exhibition With "Ta - ra - ra - Boom - de - ay," a High-kicking Feature.**

**3—Bee Palmer Then Pushed Both the Others Out of the Picture With the "Charleston," Which Was Considered the Limit of Undress and Suggestive Motion.**

Photo by Murray Korman, Well-known Broadway photographer.

**7—And Complete Nudity Was Effected by the Strip-Tease, Which Gypsy Rose Lee (Shown Here in the Clothes She Is About to Take Off) Developed to Its Highest Point. WHAT NEXT, Since There's Nothing Left to Take Off?**

**4—But Then Gilda Gray, of the Follies, Invented the "Shimmy," or Shimmy-shake, and That Eclipsed the "Charleston."**

ACME

**5—Popular Appetite for Such Dances Increasing, Ann Pennington Satisfied It With the "Black Bottom," Which, as a "Hot-Number," Exceeded All That Had Gone Before.**

PHOTO BLOOM, CHI.

**6—Following This, Sally Rand Again Made History at the Second Chicago World's Fair With Her Fan Dance and Almost Complete Nudity.**

"LITTLE EGYPT" died the other day, still an angry and puzzled woman, as she had been for the last 44 years. Her hootchy-kootchy dance, in the "Streets of Cairo" off the Midway of Chicago's Columbian Exhibition World's Fair, in 1893, gave the little dancer an entirely undeserved reputation for immodesty. She scorned to cash in on this evil fame but other dancers snatched at the chance she had thrown away and, year by year, the "hot dances" grew more vulgar or revealing until now, with the "strip-tease," the "sophistication" of the American people seems to be complete.

Fahreda Mahzar, renamed "Little Egypt" to suit "Streets of Cairo" atmosphere, appeared at a critical moment in American history, starting a chain of events that neither she nor anyone else could stop. Descendants of the little band of ragged colonists who had driven out the British had now become rich without realizing it.

Americans were still a frugal, provident, pious people and, above all, modest. Men used to stare and whisper as women, climbing the step of the new-fangled trolley cars, revealed a few inches of cotton-stockinged ankle. The Police Gazette, published in New York, was illustrated with pictures of women, always on the run, or struggling so that their skirts were half way up to their knees, a most daring sort of paper, everyone thought, but then it was supposed to be read only by hardened men in barber shops and saloons. Here was a nation ripe for the corruption stage but too innocent to know how to go about it.

Then came the great Columbian Exposition of 1893, and for the first time people from all parts of the country met, with leisure, money in their pockets and a sort of childish desire to see something they were not supposed to see. The Fair had everything one could ask in the way of wonders of the world to improve the mind. But some genius of the P. T. Barnum school, knew this was not enough and added various features of the opposite sort. However, in the state of public morals of the time, anything really degrading would have been closed instantly by the police. Nevertheless, a whispering campaign spread over the country that if anyone was "in the know" there were little things to be seen like the "Little Egypt's" very naughty hootchy-kootchy, but, "P-s-s-t! Don't take your wife or children."

Yet women did go, presumably from the cities, according to a popular song of the day which ran:

"She had never walked the
Streets of Cairo,
On the Midway she had never
been.
She had never seen the
hootchy-kootchy,
Poor, little country maid."

These customers all went away convinced that they had seen the limit of naughtiness and they built up a tradition that persists to this day. They must have had marvelous imaginations because what they witnessed was harmless enough for any age.

This was proved 40 years later at the next Chicago Exposition when Sally Rand danced with no covering but a couple of fans which she finally raised while she counted four and somebody called her the "Little Egypt of 1933."

Out from her retirement as a respectable married woman came the original "Little Egypt" to do her act, costumes and all, proving that nothing could have been more unlike. In one of her numbers she was covered from neck to ankle in a dress with long, flowing skirt. In her most "daring" one, there was an exposure of about four inches of abdomen, but this was decorously covered with cloth.

The hootchy-kootchy was not of the common prance-around type, but one in which the feet and legs rarely moved, the action being mostly muscular contortions of the upper half of the body. Finally "Little Egypt" lay on her back, placed several glasses, partly filled with champagne, on her "tummy" and by a remarkable co-ordination of her muscles made the glasses clink in time with the music and without spilling any of the wine.

That was all; but spurious "Little Egypts" sprang up in all directions and such was the competition that they went some distance in both exposure and vulgarity. Fahreda Mahzar, the original Little Egypt and now become Mrs. Andrew Spyropolos, wife of a prosperous restaurant owner, had the sad experience of seeing customers accept the false and refuse the genuine. A stag party of New York butchers were so disappointed when she declined to take off any clothes for them, that they refused to pay for her dance and she had to sue them. At the time of her death she was suing the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company because in their picture, "The Great Ziegfeld," she was portrayed as dancing nearly nude.

The next great leader of the dance toward the ultimate goal of complete nudity was Lottie Collins, in 1901, with her famous song, "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," one of most popular songs the country has ever known, but put over by Lottie's high kicks at Koster and Bial's old music hall in New York. Lottie's costume was modest enough except when her foot flew over her head. Then there would be a flash of white lingerie and a glimpse of a few inches of pink flesh, just above her stocking. But it was very daring for those days—a real "hot number."

Later Cissie Fitzgerald used much the same technique but added an important improvement. After her leg had come down and the eyes of the audience had transferred themselves to her face, she closed one eye in the most unsubtle wink ever seen on the stage. That was so nobody would have any doubts about the naughtiness of the kick. Cissie winked so hard and so often that it threw one side of her face out of plumb and she had to learn to do it with the other eye.

About this time, as in evolution, came a false development which nevertheless foreshadowed the strip-tease act which was finally to come. Several lady aerialists started their trapeze work, fully clothed in the most modest costume one could imagine. Bit by bit they threw their clothes away, underwear and all, until at last they were revealed in regulation acrobatic tights, which was an anti-climax. The songs were also becoming sophisticated to the point of sometimes using a "cuss word," like the following:

"Razzle dazzle, razzle dazzle,
Oh, how drunk I am,
I don't give a ———"

At this point the singer would pause and coyly confide to the audience that she would not use that naughty word. But then she would continue:

"Damrazzle dazzle, razzle dazzle."

Imitators of Lottie Collins went somewhat further in showing a little more flesh and adding new suggestive movements. Then in 1908 came Lotta Faust, with a brand new idea. Public standards have to be corrupted gradually, and the most advanced of the exhibitionists were in constant danger of being arrested for indecent exposure.

Lotta was opening in the Mimic World at the Casino in New York and wished to shock everyone without any risk of being carried away to the police station. She accomplished this by dragging into her Salome dance the element of morbid and abnormal psychology. She danced scantily clad, but not enough so to be arrested for it, before the severed head of John the Baptist, finally groveled before the head and kissed its dead lips. The authorities had a strong feeling that some new and vicious poison was being introduced to the public mind, but no law seemed to exactly cover it, so she was allowed to become famous and the Salome dance a rage for a while.

The hootchy-kootchy is still to be seen, and even an occasional "Little Egypt," in tent shows, according to Ned Wayburn, famous dancing master, and 25 years ago, it was going so strong that a popular song told of an Italian organ-grinder who said:

"My Mariuch do the hoochamacooch,
ata Coney Isle, in a funny style."

Another hardy perennial which kept coming and going was the cancan, a French importation, admirably adapted to America because it could be so easily adjusted to varying standards of propriety, such as was involved in a one night jump from Chicago to a town in the "Bible belt." The girls always came on abundantly clothed and, in its mildest form, they kicked up and revealed frilly white panties. At its wildest, the girls removed all but a flimsy undergarment but though the audience did not know it, there was a flesh-colored, tight-fitting thing under that cover, enough of them usually to cover the law, if dragged to court.

Another innovation on the morbid side, was the Apache dance, introduced by Adelaide Hughes in 1912, at the Winter Garden's Passing Show. Adelaide wore a slashed skirt and her partner threw her around skilfully so that in falling she would be able to expose her legs to the best advantage. Also his Apache character permitted him to adopt a vicious, brutal character, suggestive of sadism.

The next really epoch-making invention was the "Shimmy" or "Shimmy Shake," and made popular by Gilda Gray, a Ziegfeld star, who said she adopted it unconsciously from an Indian dance she saw at Yellowstone Park called the Pow-Pow. The dance haunted her and when she got back to her native Milwaukee, she tried it in front of a mirror. About a year later

(Continued on Page 25)

# Industry Built Upon The Whale's Stomach Ache

IT would be marvelous to swim the seas like a whale, with seven-league fins take a quick cruise around the Cape, or spout shower baths over oneself, or dive and blow in a watery empire in which one would be undisputed king. Thus one might innocently imagine, not knowing the facts about whales.

Unfortunately, even being a whale of a fellow has its disadvantages. The sperm whale's great misfortune is stomach trouble, to which it is readily susceptible. Agonies are suffered not just from mammoth indigestion, but also from more serious, lingering ailments.

It's really the whale's own fault for indulging in too much of a good thing. The whale's favorite diet is cuttlefish, or squid. Sometimes, when the whale feels run-down or sickly, an intestinal or stomach infection is set up by the sharp internal shell or bone of the just-eaten cuttlefish.

A calculus or "stone" formation gathers around the painful shell, and this calculus, or lump, is called ambergris. It gets biggest in the stomach; while in the digestive tract it forms as a series, one usually jammed up against the one ahead, and each shaped like a ham. These "parcels" weigh from 15 to 70 pounds; but lumps weighing up to half a ton are a matter of record.

Needless to say, these growths are a grievous matter for the whale; but sometimes it is able to expel these formations; evidently a Jonah is not the only thing the sea beast coughs up. Like gigantic phlegm, the ambergris then floats on the water, sometimes for years, until finally it washes up on the rocks or sand. After so many years of continual rinsing, weathering and bleaching in the sun, it becomes gray and even white; but in the whale's bosom it is black from the ink of the squid that caused it.

But one man's poison is another man's meat, and to catch an unhealthy whale is a healthy piece of business for a whaling captain. Ordinarily, it is true, it's a poor fisherman who doesn't throw back a puny catch; but after months of searching through empty blue leagues of ocean, whaling sailors who finally catch a cachalot that is sick and emaciated go wild with joy.

Instead of throwing the ailing whale overboard again, they eagerly cut it open and hunt through its belly the way children would ransack a grab bag. A sick whale can mean as much as $50,000 in cash.

As with the pearl, which is what annoys the oyster and gives it a pain in the side, the whale suffers an organic irritation for which women must be grateful. Unlike the pearl, however, and more like cancer, this morbid growth has an unpleasant air when extracted. With age it improves, until at last a "peculiar sweet earthy odor" distinguishes it and suggests its use.

**It Is a Healthy Piece of Business, and a Joy to the Whaling Captain and His Sailormen When They Harpoon a Sick Whale. Their First Act Upon Landing Their Catch Is to Look for Ambergris.**

The greasy substance has been prized from ancient times as an animal base lending "life" to perfumes; without it, milady's scent would vanish into thin air, and so, probably, would an industry. Only because of ambergris can the delicate, lighter flower perfumes be made to cling to one and take on tone. It "fixes" the fragrance, as the perfumists phrase it.

Science has been able to make artificial pearls difficult to tell from the real thing, and few natural substances are left for which industrial chemists have not found substitutes. But it is significant, N. W. Gregory Walker points out in a recent issue of the British science magazine, "Discovery," that science can't even analyze, much less reproduce, ambergris.

Everything about it is uncertain. There is no set price for it, for it comes to market by chance, and is sold by bargaining. There is not even any real test for identifying it, although its odor can be recognized by an experienced perfumer for its flavor like "musk" or freshly turned earth. The jetsam pieces of ambergris, heaved up by the sick whale, may float ashore on any coast, although the whale itself usually loiters in the tropics and semi-tropics.

The many years that the free-floating ambergris is laundered by the brine would, one would think, make the substance useless. But the truth is that it is valued most when found as drift. The long wash more than improves the appearance, it refines the quality.

The valuable "waste" matter is picked up on the beaches, usually in the Indies, by the natives, who sell it to merchants or sailors at a fraction of the value. When first picked up, it most likely will smell strongly of the sea, and this gives a clue to its peculiar properties.

It is used as a fixative for scent because it can fix anything. Just as the chameleon takes on the color of its surroundings and is said to die trying to adjust itself to checkered cloth, so the unnatural and even uncanny ambergris rapidly takes on the aroma of whatever is around it.

Only an expert buys the stuff, for it is sold uncut. The core is what is most valuable, and the size of this compared with the outside can be as surprising as a penny wrapped in a bushel box. The rest may have pockets of inferior or useless material, and there is sure to be water in the middle.

Ambergris is rare, not only because none but sick whales have it, but also because these die in the prime of life. True, when the whale dies, it floats, but only a few days; then it automatically blows up, and gets itself buried in the sea.

Little does the whale know that the cause of its suffering is going to enhance the dainty charm of some fair lady. And when men are entranced by these delicate odors, they little know that their ecstasy is being caused by the affliction of an unhappy old whale.

# Driven Insane By Memory Of Her Cannibal Meal

"THE white cannibal of the Ukraine," is the way alienists at the State Lunatic Asylum of Lipotmezo in Budapest, Hungary, point out Maria Fokova, a Russian woman recently interned there for dementia. Her condition was detected while she was in quarantine at the Hungarian border, but when she lost her mind there, it was no sudden manifestation. The final exertion of a long trip had brought to a crisis a nervous strain under which she labored for many years. The doctors say that she will probably never get over the meal she cooked for herself and her husband during the famine of the Ukraine 12 years ago.

Day after day in her ward she stares into space with an intent and frightened look, and one can only imagine what terrors she sees, for at such times she says nothing. It is only with the greatest patience that the nurse can make her eat a little food to keep her alive, for in her madness she thinks it is the famine again.

So logical is her mind in its crazy way that Maria believes the only food left is human flesh as it was at the time of the famine. Therefore, she will not admit that there is any other food.

**One Evening at the Barracks, the Sight of Steak on the Table Sent Maria Into a Rage, Followed by Hysterics and a Fainting Spell. She Had to Be Calmed With a Hypodermic.**

Her tragic career began long ago, in 1920. That year a native of Hungary named Geza Nagyhazi came to the small Russian village where she lived. He had served two years in a Russian prisoners' camp, and when he was freed he did not return to Hungary because he had no money for travel. The stranger inspired first sympathy and then love in the heart of Maria, who was then a happy, romantic girl.

Although he could offer Maria nothing in the way of security or comfort, love has its own courage, and so she married the man of her choice. But nobody would help them, for Nagyhazi was an alien, an enemy who had fought against Russia during the war and refused to join the Red Army. By casting her lot with him, Maria did not improve his but injured her own. She had made her bed and must lie in it, said her neighbors, who had troubles enough without worrying about hers. This was one of the remote, poverty-stricken villages which always are the first to feel the pangs of famine.

Maria, a delicate girl not used to such poverty, became something of an invalid. She was unable to work, even if there had been any jobs to find. The couple went without food for days, but sometimes Maria was able to find scraps in garbage cans. A piece of stale black bread was a feast among days of fasting. In such hard times, suicide becomes a serious consideration. But the weaker Maria became, the less firm was her resolve to end it all. Death, when it stares one in the face, is repulsive and undesirable.

Then things took a better turn, and the Nagyhazi couple breathed easier. The Hungarian found little odd jobs to do, and kind persons, themselves finding things better, gave them flour and drippings. But this was just the calm before an even worse storm. In 1926, a real famine came. Food could not be had for any price in the village and those who had not stored up supplies were out of luck. Starvation took its toll and the people died like flies.

"It never rains but it pours," goes the bitter proverb, and so it was with the Nagyhazi couple. To cap all their miseries, Maria's aunt lost her home and came to live with them. But she was not used to such living, and in a few weeks she lay dead in their dismal hovel. There they were, with a corpse in the house and no money to bury her, and with scarcely the energy to move her from their only bed. Maria and her husband stared at the image of what they would themselves become in a few days, unless a miracle could happen.

Maria was weaker and death was very close. Realizing this, her husband went out the following morning to forage for food before it would be too late; but he returned that evening, bitterly discouraged. He was empty-handed, and he knew what that meant. But as if by a miracle, at home he found a steaming meal awaiting him. Half crazed with hunger, he tore at the food and gorged it while his wife told him how with the help of neighbors she had that day taken the corpse of her aunt out of the house and into the field. On her way home, she said, she was lucky enough to find a stray dog which she led home and killed.

The husband filled his stomach greedily, and Maria also devoured her share voraciously. Hunger for her had proved stronger than family ties, upbringing, religion, and all normal instinct and emotion. Her story about the dog was all an invention; it was the flesh of her aunt that she had served at the table.

But, although the meal carried them through and things improved soon after, it was not so with her conscience. At last she could no longer conceal what she had done, and told her husband. He was shocked into complete silence. When words came, he said he did not believe it of her, he could not. "Surely death would have been better than that," he cried. But when he thought it over, while Maria wept hysterically on the floor, he realized that he might have done the same thing.

He told her that such things have happened before. Shipwrecked sailors, he said, often are forced to it, and the prisoners in Siberian mines practiced it. Even among the prisoners of war he had not been safe from man-eating, he told her. After all, it was not as if she had committed murder.

But Maria was not convinced. Normally a woman of deep religious convictions, the thought of her act continued to torment her. She became moody and at last completely silent. She never touched meat, and lived only on fruit and vegetables.

Then, recently, long after the war that brought them there, a movement began to repatriate the people who had been too poor to leave the country before. The improvements in transportation and a measure of prosperity resulted in a general exodus of the war prisoners. Among this rising flood of returning exiles were Geza Naghyhazi and his wife. At last he hoped to show his wife his homeland; perhaps there she would recover. Like all returning transports from Russia, however, they were put into quarantine at the border for several weeks.

The doctor who looked after the unfortunates detained there soon noticed something queer about Mrs. Nagyhazi's behavior. When she was questioned, she said strange, meaningless things. Like an animal, she bared her teeth when anyone came near. Her husband, however, denied that anything was wrong with her, and the doctor with a shrug went about his other duties. But out of one eye he watched the woman closely. One evening, when there was steak for dinner at the quarantine barracks, Mrs. Nagyhazi saw it. Weakened by the arduous journey, her disturbed mind excited by strange surroundings, she was ripe for complete collapse. She screamed and fell to the floor, writhing. The doctor's hypodermic needle soon calmed her, but all night she babbled and sobbed in her bed.

Since her demented state was now known, her husband explained to the doctor the circumstances that caused it. After a thorough medical examination, Maria was pronounced hopelessly insane.

# Food, Clothing, Shelter, All From The Little Soy Bean

IN THE future not only clothing but also most food and part of man's shelter will come from the soy bean, a versatile little vegetable. Because of its curious chemical composition the bean can be made into countless synthetic substitutes, therefore making foreign imports unnecessary, the answer to a nation's prayer of being self-sufficient and independent.

So far, chemists have been able to convert the bean into no less than three hundred imitation products such as artificial milk, soap, gasoline, rubber, leather, cement and ink. It will be only one step further, according to Dr. H. E. Barnard, director of research for the Farm Chemurgic Council of Dearborn, Michigan, to convert the bean into wool for clothing since the two have a similar protein or vegetable content. If this process could be handled cheaply it would no longer be necessary to import wool from foreign sheep-raising countries and it would give the farmer at home a new and profitable crop. While this idea is still in the experimental stage many other soy bean theories have been carried out successfully.

Few people know that much of the enamel paint used on automobiles today is made from soy beans. Chemists have found a way to grind down the bean into an oil and extract a hard, resinous substance which gives the enamel a glossy finish and prevents the color from fading. The button on your automobile horn, as well as the gear-shift knob, is probably made from soy bean meal left over after the oil has been removed.

More than a dozen soap factories use soy oil in their products and buy millions of gallons a year. From the soap another product is made called glycerine which is used in high explosives. During the war part of the ammunition used was made from the vegetable and its by-products.

Synthetic rubber and linoleum can be made from the meal of the bean after it has been crushed and dried. This process, while successful, costs more than the natural product and is not practical as yet. For the same reason it is too expensive to make imitation gasoline or motor oil although the Japanese Government has tested the soy bean fuels and found them very satisfactory.

As a food, soy beans are superior to most of their cousins in the vegetable kingdom and are used widely, because of their protein composition, in the medical treatment of diabetes.

The Oriental races have eaten soy beans for thousands of years and have many different ways of preparing them. In order to get milk from the beans they soak them in water overnight. The next day the beans are ground between stones and more water is added. The result is a kind of frothy cream to which still more water is added, according to taste. Then the mixture is boiled and strained and a kind of milk is drawn off. This has been a main article of diet in the Oriental bill-of-fare for generations.

They also cook the bean until soft, like peas or Lima beans, and then flavor it with spicy herbs or spread over rice. It is ground into flour or meal and baked into loaves of bread. As an oil or sauce it is used to spread over rice or salads and is a recognized aid in digestion. The meal of the bean is molded into candles and the milk is made into cheese and butter. With the easily grown bean as a basic food product it is possible for the Orientals to live on a few cents a day.

And next it is predicted man will be wearing soy bean hats and overcoats.

# London's Futile Hunt For Phantom Cat Killer

IN Fulham, a residential district of London, there walks at night a being known as "The Strangler." Lightly, as though on cat's feet, he wanders through the fog-concealing streets, and peers with feline eyes into the dark.

At last, espying what he is looking for, he makes strange catlike sounds. There is a scuffle, and then all is silent except for the persistent scratching of a cat's claws becoming more and more feeble.

The next morning, in front of one of the wealthier homes, a gorgeous furry feline is found, her eyes wide in anguish, her delicate neck tightly restricted by a cruel noose of cord.

The first night, a polite and well-bred blue Russian cat fell victim. Her grief-stricken mistress reported the "lynching" to the police, but they were used to isolated cat murders. Every once in a while a neighbor kills somebody's cat out of spite.

The police were forced to admit, however, that in this case the method used was unusually brutal. The cord was tied to the fence rail, and the noose at the opposite end was looped over the poor cat's head; then she was left to dangle in mid-air, her hind feet just clear of the ground. The noose was tied with a "bowline on a bight" knot, said to be known chiefly to sailors.

The second night it was a red Persian that was "strung up"; and although this murder took place several blocks from the first, the police were astonished to find that the same sailor's knot had been used. By the third morning there could no longer be any doubt; a fiend had broken loose in the community. A sleepy, blue-eyed, snow-white little kitten owned by a local clergyman had been captured and mercilessly hung at the door-step of its home.

But its fate was the same as all the rest, and this was only the beginning. The Royal S. P. C. A., dismayed by the murders, put up a reward of $500 for the capture of the maniac. Detectives, officers and inspectors from the Society were assigned regular beats in the neighborhood where the killings took place, especially between Whittingstall Road and Cookham Road, which is the killer's favorite hunting ground.

But with the cunning of the insane, the sailor continued to evade them, and what was more dreadful, continued to kill the most beautiful cats he could find. It is not known whether he resents these pet animals for themselves or for the wealth they stand for.

Whatever the reason, he chooses mostly valuable cats for his monstrous game. But it would seem that he hates all cats, for more than one alley-cat has been found stoned in the neighborhood since his depredations; but he reserves slow strangulation for the thoroughbreds alone.

**Not Always Are the Victims Blooded Animals. One Was the Snow-white, Furry Little Kitten Owned by a Clergyman. It Had Been Hung Mercilessly on the Doorstep of the Home.**

The cats are doomed by their instinctive curious nature. Adventurous, they prowl through doors or windows left ajar, and pad into the yards where he can reach them. In a few moments they feel the fatal tug of the noose.

It is believed that the cat killer is a respected member of the community, a retired sailor or a "navvy." In the daytime he may be one of England's prided seamen, who captures the eyes of girls with his glamor, and the imagination of men with his courage. Yet at night, he puts on his dark cloak and carries his dreadful noose through the streets.

Mrs. Williams, of Whittingstall-mansions, Whittingstall Road, found her cat in the mansion basement, dead. The affectionate creature had been strung up but had somehow broken free and crawled home to die.

A resident of Cookham Road reported that he heard one of the killings done. He heard a "shriek" in the basement, and the running of feet into the street, he said; the next morning, a neighbor's beautiful little cat was found where the mysterious killer had destroyed her. According to Inspector F. J. Winter, of the R. S. P. C. A., some of the cats in their death struggle actually clawed away mortar from the walls against which their ruffled forms were found dangling, and their agony can be imagined. For more than two weeks the marauder has taken his death-walk every night.

Newspapers began to protest the delay in bringing in the culprit, and public feeling ran high. Ever since the legendary Dick Whittington made his fortune from a cat in the 15th Century, England has been the special haven of purring aristocrats. It is, as a result, only natural that all Fulham should be aroused by the maniac who stalks through its peaceful streets and who, in the very shadow of the Bishop of London's home, puts to death man's most helpless friend.

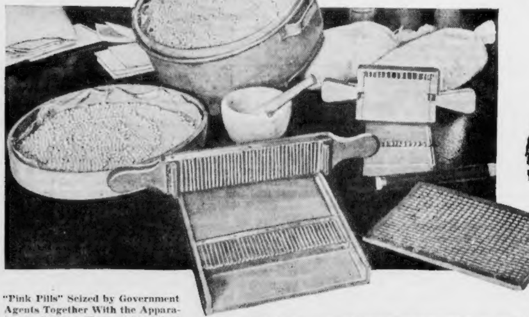
The mood of the people has become ugly, and they have banded together, from Mayor to mendicant, in their determination to catch the fiend. The community has organized itself into a spontaneous dragnet, and all night and all day the streets are patrolled by milkmen, delivery boys, refuse collectors, and street peddlers. The entire community is tense and watchful; at night one can hear "blind" men, really detectives, tap out signals on the sidewalk with their canes.

It is just a matter of time before the fiend makes a false move, and then he will have a taste of his own medicine, for in England the cat has long been legally protected, and prison will justly await the killer. On one of the very streets in which "The Strangler" operates, lives the Mayor of Fulham, Alderman C. Lancaster, L. C. C. He expressed the feelings of the entire district when he told the press: "Like most people, I am very fond of animals, and I only hope it is not long before the fiend is caught."

# The Dope Ring's Newest Menace To Schoolchildren

## *Government Agents Uncover the "Pink Pill," a Diabolical Compound of Habit Forming Drugs Which Can Be Profitably Peddled Almost as Cheaply as Candy*

One Thousand of the "Pink Pills" Are in These Hands, Costing About Only $9 a Thousand, Which Gives the Dealer About 300 Per Cent Profit at the Price for Which He Sells Them. And the Children Who Are His Victims Become So at First, Many of Them, Through Curiosity and Then Rapidly Become Addicts, and So—Steady Customers.



"Pink Pills" Seized by Government Agents Together With the Apparatus for Making Them—2,500,000 of the Pills Were Confiscated in This One Seizure.

"ONE-THIRD of the drug addicts of this country are children in their teens," stated United States Senator Royal S. Copeland recently, and agents of the Federal Narcotics Bureau have confirmed that statement. Also they explained that this almost unbelievable condition is due to a combination of unfavorable circumstances which never existed before.

In the first place never before were young boys and girls allowed to run wild, unwatched and unquestioned as they are today. A second cause is the disastrous discovery that marihuana, the American equivalent of the drug hashish, thrives in most parts of this country. A third cause is that the courts, waiting for a chance they almost never get to soak the men higher up in the drug syndicate, give only light sentences to such of the army of drug peddlers as are caught.

But, most important of all is the recent diabolical invention of the drug ring's Oriental chemists, known as "pink pills."

This vicious triumph of chemical inventiveness, is already driving out opium smoking and, unless some way is found to stop it, promises to supplant cocain and heroin sniffing and is competing on favorable terms with the cheap and powerful marihuana, known in the west as loco weed.

The illicit sale of drugs is a worldwide industry, estimated at $2,206,000,000 in 1935, and constantly growing. The brains of this great nerve-poison trust are somewhere in China and though it is not incorporated, has no stocks and bonds or even a name, except "the ring," "the trust" or "the syndicate," the infernal big business is run on the most advanced methods, evidently including a chemical research department.

In any business of manufacturing and selling, the main problem is to get customers. The drug ring cannot advertise, but they have one compensating advantage over legitimate business in that once they get a customer, he is theirs to the end of his life, almost never being cured of the addiction. Even in prison the addict still gets his drugs to the enrichment of guards and trusties. The younger the customer, the better, because then he or she has a longer expectation of life. But until recently nobody thought of going after the high school boys and girls in a big way.

Strangely enough the possibilities in this line were revealed to the big trust by its upstart rivals the marihuana sellers. They opened the eyes of the veterans in the business by selling "reefers," marihuana cigarettes, as cheap as two for a quarter to the youngsters. The syndicate watched this business progressiveness with envy, but at first could do little to compete. The trouble was that their main stock in trade has been opium and its derivatives.

And the trouble from their standpoint, was that opium smells. The opium paste must be "cooked," that is, warmed to just the right consistency, rolled into a ball and smoked in a special sort of pipe.

That smoke has a peculiar, penetrating, musty odor which any narcotic officer recognizes at the first whiff. It is such unerring evidence that law permits him to follow his nose right in and make arrests without a search warrant.

INT'L PHOTO'S

Police Destroying a Plantation of Marihuana Weed on the Outskirts of Brooklyn, New York; It Is From This That the Cigarettes Are Made, the Trade in Which the "Pink Pills" Were Invented to Supplant.

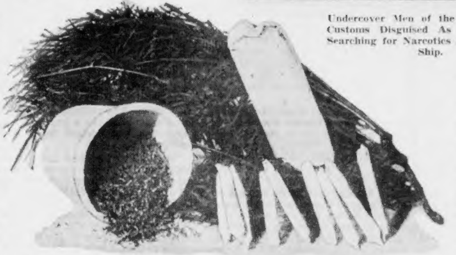
Worse than that, opium must be smuggled into the country in sealed tins because even the uncooked and unsmoked opium gives off a smell. A good narcotic-squad man can walk rapidly through a ship and literally smell out any that is not sealed, which makes it hard for the smuggler because cans are bulky and easily discovered.

To get around these difficulties, cocain crystals and heroin, the gangsters' favorites, were popularized among as many customers as possible. These odorless powders could be carried in thin cloth envelopes on the persons of lady smugglers, but even diluted to the extreme limit, they were too expensive to compete with marihuana reefers in the school-child market.

So the drug ring's chemists went to work on the problem with all the learned thoroughness of honest medical researchers striving to save lives instead of ruining them. It was all a question of economy. Somehow they must drug the children as cheaply as their rivals' "reefers" did. The object of all methods of drug taking is to get the drug into the victim's blood. The least harmful but most wasteful is to eat the drug. Drugged candy was tried on the children but was too expensive to be profitable.

The devil's chemists decided that the school child product must be smokable for economy's sake, but be made up in dry, odorless form, easily smoked, give off no tell-tale odor and require no special pipe.

The result was the "pink pill."



The "Makings" of the Marihuana Cigarette; in the Background Is the Weed Itself, in the Canister the Chopped Up Product, and at the Right the Completed Cigarettes.

The pill contains one-eighth grain of heroin, about as much codeine, both derived from opium, together with inert coloring matter and also, for some reason not yet understood, strychnine. Also it is made up in "fruit flavors," such as strawberry, pineapple and so on. So if anyone should accidentally pick one up and eat it the taste would be innocent.

The pills are retailed profitably at nine dollars per thousand, a dollar a hundred or a dozen for a quarter. Presumably codeine, which is comparatively harmless, reinforces the effect of the morality-ruining and active heroin.

The dose of an eighth grain could not be fatal, because a heroin addict uses 10 to 15 grains for sniffing and two grains for a hypodermic. The efficiency of smoked pill would be somewhere between the two. The ring is careful that their pills are not strong enough to kill their young customers while they are becoming slaves to the habit.

Later they will demand stronger pills and these will of course be provided at a higher price.

One hopeful sign is the war between the narcotic trust and the independent American marihuana men, just as there was between rival bootleg syndicates during prohibition. The bootleggers used to hi-jack each other's liquor trucks and fight battles with pistols and machine guns. The rival drug rings do very little killing, because they prefer Oriental tactics, quietly tipping off the Federal authorities when a big shipment of drugs is coming into the country for the trust, which in turn retaliates by telling the inside secrets of the reefer business.

Undercover Men of the United States Customs Disguised As Longshoremen Searching for Narcotics on a Suspected Ship.

Some time ago when Maria Wendt, the pretty, half-caste Chinese girl, was caught smuggling in a quarter million dollars worth of narcotics, as related in The American Weekly, Federal agents were pleased with the heavy blow they had dealt the drug ring. Maria's supposed immediate superior, Dr. Albert Stev, was found lying dead in a Chinese cemetery in Shanghai, on top of a grave. He had been killed by placing a bamboo cord in his food. Her confederate, the smooth-spoken Austrian, Nastali Loffenholz Brandstatter, hanged himself or was hanged in his stateroom on the S. S. Oriente, on his way to face trial in New York.

This fine piece of work is supposed to have been entirely due to alertness of the U. S. Customs men, but the recent capture on the Bank Line motor freighter Taybank from Shanghai was a tip-off. The Government has undercover men in overalls who work around the docks as longshoremen and get into the boats as mechanics, gossiping with the crews.

But the best spies are those maintained by the international drug syndicate and national marihuana ring to watch each other. It must have been from the marihuana camp that the Taybank tip came in.

When that homely and vicious-looking freighter crept into her Brooklyn dock on a cold gray morning, there was a reception committee, worthy of a great passenger liner, the largest force of undercover agents ever assembled on one job, but they were hiding behind bales and boxes of freight. Presently a stranger, Willie Bonanzi, appeared and made a queer signal at the ship. Hands reached out from a lumber pile and gathered Willie in, also robbing him of his cap, leather jerkin and pants.

Clad in these, an agent stepped out on the dock and was saluted in that same manner by Dominick Butto, a boatman. The agent returned the salute, and just as Butto joined him, a high-powered junk boat came into the dock with another boatman, Tizzio Buda, who also joined them after signaling. Waiting agents closed in on the group and took them behind the lumber pile.

In Bonanzi's leather jerkin the agent found a torn piece of paper on which Chinese letters were written. He went aboard the ship, followed by other agents. They questioned the crew, and in the possession of the ship's carpenter, Ah Nan, a 52-year-old Chinese, they found the other half of the torn paper.

They searched the vessel then and brought to light $200,000 worth of opium in 600 tins. It had been carefully concealed in six burlap bags stowed far aft in a cargo space containing sawdust, rope and oil drums.

They also took into custody the boatswain, his son and assistant boatswain, and the storekeeper of the Taybank.

But not all large shipments come in aboard freighters. As, for example in the Maria Wendt case, in which $250,000 worth of drugs were found in her trunk.

"Since that time," points out Agent Gordon Pike of the U. S. Customs, "the smugglers have adopted a new type of false compartment trunk similar to the ones which German currency smugglers use. Instead of having a false bottom or false side, it has a half-inch tray which runs the entire length of the trunk, and can be removed only when the trunk is in an upright position.

"A bit of psychology enters here, too. The smugglers know that it is natural for Customs inspectors to look for a false drawer on the right hand side of the trunk, where the drawers are. And so in this new, cleverly designed trunk, the false tray is on the left hand side. When a strip of lining is laid over the half inch tray-gap it is difficult for the agents to find the false 'bottom,' but they're on to that now."

Major Garland Williams, head of the Federal Narcotics Bureau in New York City, seems to have been the first to realize the seriousness of the new pink pill menace. His men reported that known opium smokers were showing signs of an opium jag but without any evidence of the characteristic odor. The Major decided that he was facing something new and the likeliest place to learn about it was New York's Chinatown. Thereupon Uncle Sam went into the egg business in a big-hearted way, four agents peddling the best eggs below cost.

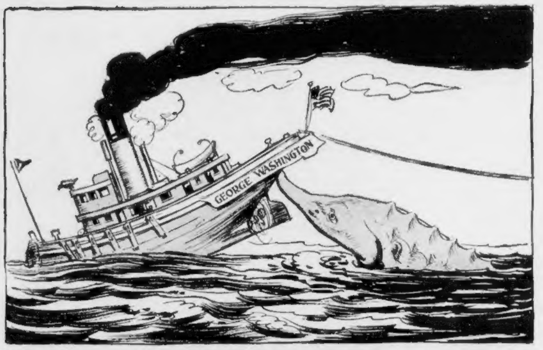
Finally, early in March, clues pointed toward the Nan King Company, which had offices at 69 Mott Street, 47 Bayard Street, 52 East Ninth Street, and 341 East Ninth Street.

Major Williams planned his raids carefully. Simultaneously his men closed in on all four places and seized 2,500,000 pink pills and machinery for making them from heroin worth $50,000. He also seized eight Chinamen who were later arraigned before United States Commissioner Isaac Platt. They were George Thing, Pon Hor, Eng Wah, Henry Mong Fot and Soo Hoo Him of the Nan King Company; Park Chin, Toy Chin and Long Chin of 52 East Ninth Street and Chin Chee of 341 East Ninth Street.

No matter how many of these seizures are made, it won't do much good unless something is done to protect the children from the drug peddler, a lightly punished criminal, yet as vicious as the kidnaper.

# To Preserve the Best "Fish Stories"

## *A Club to Collect the Best Old and New Ones as an "Important Part of American Folk-Lore" ---And Here Are Some They Have Already Picked*



The Sturgeon That Was Fed by George Washington and Proved It by Rescuing a Tug After Its Resourceful Captain Had Hung a Sail-Cloth Over the Back Lettered "George Washington."

BELIEVING that "fish stories form an important part of American folk-lore," a group of Government officials, members of Congress, and business men in Washington, D. C., have formed a club to preserve the best of the old ones and to collect new ones. The organization is appropriately named the "Hook, Line and Sinker Club," an allusion to the story of the fish which swallowed everything which all fishermen will understand.

But the stories do not necessarily have to be "whoppers." They will include truthful stories which although sounding fantastic and incredible really did happen. As the president of the club, the Hon. Frank T. Bell, Commissioner of the United States Bureau of Fisheries, explains:

"The United States is the home of the Fish Story. It is an important part of its folk-lore, just as the legends of Paul Bunyan, the giant logger, are an important part of the folk-lore of Canada. His legends have been collected for posterity and so ought these fish stories of the United States. And do not get the idea that they must all be 'tall' stories. This is a serious organization formed for the worthy purpose of collecting the very best fish stories, factual as well as fanciful, which otherwise would have passed into oblivion."

Any person who has ever caught a fish, no matter how small, is eligible to membership in the Hook, Line and Sinker Club, provided he pays his dues of two original fish stories a year.

These have to be passed upon by the "Supreme Judge of Fish Stories," who is the Hon. Charles E. Jackson, Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries. Dr. M. D'Arcy Magee, distinguished physician, is vice-president, and H. P. Somerville, well-known hotel man, is "Fish Story Warden." Although formed only recently, the club already has hundreds of members throughout the country.

At the organization meeting, the Supreme Judge offered the following as half-payment of his annual dues:

"There is a big sturgeon in the Potomac River which has been known to rivermen, so the legend runs, for a century or more. It is named 'Old Sue.' It has long been an argument as to whether or not George Washington fed 'Old Sue' when she was young. This question would now appear to have been settled in the following curious fashion.

Mr. Parvin Says a Trout Swallowed His Watch, and a Year Later He Caught It With the Watch Still Ticking, Because It Was a Stem Winder and Had Been Wound Up by the Fish Gills.

"A tug-boat captain held a contract to make certain deliveries of sand. With four scowloads of sand trailing behind his tug he was due in Washington in a few hours. But a high Spring tide was bucking his tug with such vigor that he had about given up hope of delivering the cargo in contract time. Just then he noticed 'Big Sue' nosing around inquisitively and seeming to sense what was wrong. The captain had a sudden inspiration. He took a piece of sailcloth, rapidly painted it in big letters, George Washington, and hung it over the stern of the tug. The big sturgeon swam up and eyed it attentively.

"Then it placed its nose against the stern of the tug and with little effort pushed the tug and scows rapidly up the river. 'Old Sue' had remembered the august hand that had fed her."

Dr. Magee contributed a story about the gilligaloo fish, a remarkable denizen of Lake Superior.

"To catch this strange creature requires some rather elaborate preparations. We must have a rowboat, a brace and bit, a ladder, a sponge and a hammer," the physician-sportsman explained. "Then we row far out into the lake until the very highest wave is reached. We stop our boat, erect our ladder and climb to the top of the wave, and with the brace and bit we bore a hole down through the top of the wave. We then place the sponge over the hole.

"The gilligaloo fish is extremely curious, and when he sees the hole he swims up into it. At the top, he finds the sponge. He thinks the sponge is food and swallows it. The sponge expands with the water—the fish expands with the sponge and he cannot retreat down the hole in the water.

"Then we grab the fish by the gills, hit it over the head with the hammer, pull him out of the hole in the water and climb down the ladder into our boat."

One story which certainly entitles its teller to full membership in the Hook, Line and Sinker Club is the following:

"Many sportsmen talk about how good their hunting dogs are. But I have a fishing dog, and a good one. I discovered this last Summer, when camping by a small lake in the mountains.

"My spaniel always enjoyed a swim in the early morning. One morning, however, he emerged from his swim with a dejected look, and, upon examination, I found that the end of his tail was missing. The next morning another piece of it was gone. Then I got an idea.

"I made a harness for the dog in such manner that I could attach fish-hooks to the end of his tail. Then I waited for results, which were, to say the least, satisfying. The very first morning of the experiment he came trotting proudly out of the water with a five-pound bass on his tail. As the days rolled by, he became more expert, and soon learned to distinguish the small fish from the large ones. When a small one bothered the hook, the dog merely lifted his tail out of the water.

"But one morning my dog refused to come out of the water, and it took hours of coaxing to get him ashore. What do you suppose was the matter?

"There, on the end of his tail, was a small trout, just an inch and a half under the limit!"

Angler H. W. Tobin, of Helena, Montana, told the Hook, Line and Sinker Club members of his astonishing experience fishing for rainbow trout. Says Mr. Tobin:

"By gollies, I once snared such a big rainbow trout that it scared all the others out of the stream. They flopped out of the water up on the shore and lay flopping around like mad. And when I began collecting the land-stranded fish, I found they had all turned white—they had been frightened so badly."

Last Summer had some record-breaking hot weather, as readers will doubtless recall. On the hottest day of that July heat wave, Mr. William D. Leetch went fishing near Norfolk, Virginia. Mr. Leetch testifies that the water was almost scalding hot. Fish were not biting, so he rowed with his friends to the shore to rest in the shade of a large tree.

Suddenly, Mr. Leetch declares, a big bass leaped out of the water, grabbed a low hanging branch in its mouth and hung suspended, swinging in the cool air. After a time he dropped back into the water and began fanning himself with his gills. A few minutes later he leaped up into the tree to cool off again, and Leetch shot him. Then the members of the fishing party noticed that all along the shore line bass were leaping up to grab low hanging limbs.

"We shot thirteen that day," Mr. Leetch solemnly stated. "We could have shot many more — but who wants to be a hog?"

The Catfish That Swallowed the Pig, Which Then Stuck Its Feet Out Through the Bottom of the Fish and Walked Home.

Another "fish-shooting" story comes from Mr. H. E. Cutcher, of Lockhart, Texas. Says Mr. Cutcher:

"We were fishing in Cass County when I saw a tremendous catfish crawl out of the river and start walking up the bank toward a farmer working nearby. The farmer's eyes were popping out as the fish passed him. I shot the fish and, going up to it, discovered it had swallowed a pig. The pig had kicked his feet through the bottom of the fish and was walking home."

E. Willard Jensen is another sportsman who travels with the seasons. In the Winter he fishes Florida waters. One day he and his companions were fishing about nineteen miles off St. Petersburg. All day the party had miserable luck, for all they could catch were blow fish.

Suddenly a storm cooked up and hung on with all the tenacity of a sit-down striker. Weighing anchor, the skipper headed for shore. Without warning, the motor stopped. A bad leak was discovered, and the gale had ripped away most of the canvas and superstructure.

Despite the desperate efforts of the men to bail out, it was soon apparent the boat was doomed.

"Then," related Mr. Jensen, "I was struck with an idea. There were plenty of blow fish in the bottom of the boat—their bellies ballooned with air. Like all truly great ideas, mine was simple. We merely tied a piece of string around the blow fish, scratched their tummies to inflate them, threw them overboard and tied the other end of the string to the side of the boat.

"Each of the five fishermen attended 60 blow fish—and, by jinks! those varmints kept the craft afloat like so many rubber life preservers and we finally got to port safely."

Judge W. S. Round, of Hammond, Louisiana, a member of the celebrated Hammond Liars' Club, which is a bitter rival of the equally famous Burlington Liars' Club, contributed as semi-lies the following:

"I became interested in the soft-shell desert fish which abound in Death Valley. To catch these remarkable creatures you have to chase them on fast polo ponies.

"To see the intrepid fishermen flush a large covey of these desert fish on a dark night with the fishermen in full pursuit and with the eyes of the fish gleaming in the darkness is a sight that would gladden the heart of anyone with a drop of sporting blood in his veins.

"Soft-shell desert fish are dangerous critters, though. Sometimes, as they back-track, they will lop off the tail of a horse with their murderous pincers.

"That is why there are many bob-tailed horses in the soft-shell desert fish country," the judge explains.

R. G. Parvin, of the Department of Game and Fish, Denver, Colorado, relates the following:

"About three years ago, I was fishing on the Gunnison River and had some pretty good luck. But one day I hooked a whale of a rainbow trout and after a fight got him ready for the net. As I stooped over to put on the finishing touches, a very fine gold watch slipped out of my pocket and disappeared immediately. I was so excited when the watch fell that I let the fish get away.

"Next Summer I went back to the same place and one day I got another big rainbow. When I landed him, I noticed a large swelling on one side of his head. Upon investigation I found my watch inside his jaw, ticking away right merrily and only about ten seconds off time.

"The watch was a stem-winder, and the movement of the fish's gill had it wound all year. As proof of this story, I still have the watch."

"It is the pleasant custom of some Lake Champlain ice fishermen to chip a small depression in the ice of the fishing shanty floor," contributes Mr. R. P. Hunter, director of the Fish and Game Service, Vermont Department of Conservation and Development.

"The icy bowl is filled with equal parts of gin and lemon juice, and the mixture is used as an antidote for the bite of the deadly ice-snake.

"Last Winter, a young bullhead was accidentally dropped into the gin bowl and before he could be captured, bit two fishermen, had an amour with a tabby catfish and disappeared under the ice, singing 'Who's afraid of the big, bad dog-fish?'"

Mr. I. T. Quinn, Commissioner of Conservation at Montgomery, Alabama, paid on this one:

"I was fishing with a friend in the Bon Secour River, one of the finest places in the world to fish, for you do not have to confine your activities to fishing in the water. The fog is so thick along the river that all fishermen have to do is to cast as far as possible up into the fog.

"On this particular day, we were having pretty good luck pulling the fish out of the fog until one big fellow struck my line. The fog was so dense I could not pull the fish down and my line snapped:

"While I was replacing my line, my friend hung a big one. He was holding his line taut when suddenly the fish rushed him. It was so big and so fast that there was a sound like thunder as the air rushed in to fill the vacuum left in the wake of that fish. It was so loud it broke my friend's eardrums."

Curtis Hodges, of Washington, contributed this one, which comes within the category of those to be saved from the past:

"One day I was fishing in a mountain stream down in the Great Smokies. Suddenly I heard a great commotion in the bushes not far away. I looked around and there was a large snake trying to swallow a giant bullfrog.

"Now I am a very sympathetic and humane sort of chap, so I was on the frog's side at once. I rushed to the bushes and tried to persuade the snake (which I later dubbed Algernon) to leggo the frog. But it was no use. Algernon was obstinate.

"Reaching into my hip pocket where I always carry a pint of snake-bite medicine, I poured half the contents over the snake's head. In a minute the snake relaxed with a happy sigh, and released the frog. I went back to my fishing.

"But to my amazement back came that self-same snake again a half hour later, carrying another frog in its mouth, and with a wistful expression in his bleary eyes. He got the rest of the snake medicine and slithered away to sleep off his jag."

John F. Stowell, Washington, D. C., writes:

"For years I have visited Overall, Va., ostensibly to fish for small mouth bass on the Shenandoah, but actually to swap fish stories with the natives. The patriarch of them all was Grandpa Manley Triplett, and here is his best story:

The Bass That Came Up from the Water and Hung to the Trees to Keep Cool and Were Then Shot Down by the Fishermen Instead of Being Caught on Hooks.

Method of Capturing the Gilligaloo Fish by Boring a Hole in the Highest Wave and Hitting the Fish Over the Head With a Hammer When It Crawls Up and Eats the Sponge.

"'Twarn't so many years ago that I see'd a sight that mighty few of us have ever see'd. A squirrel migration it was; thousands and thousands of them a-heading West and South, on account of the nut crop was mighty short in the mountains. Looked as if they had all got orders to start on the same day and the noise they made going through the tree tops was what called my attention to them.

"'Well, thinks I, when I sees them, looks as if the squirrel crop was gonna be mighty short this year. But then I looked at the Shenandoah and figured as how that would stump 'em, and that we would be eating squirrel meat same as usual. But them squirrels had their orders and every one of them knew what was what. The first one that struck the river clambered down onto the bank and scrabbled round till he found a big piece of bark, and may I be struck by lightning right now if he didn't take that into the water and jump aboard. Hoisting his big bushy tail up for a sail he got across as dry as a partridge. And the rest of them done the same.

"'Toward the end I noticed a little fellow, not more than half-grown, that couldn't find himself a raft. Finally he took up a piece not much bigger than he was and hardly big enough to float him. He could hardly balance himself on it but he was mighty anxious to get across that river so he hopped on and set sail.

"'Well, sir, he hadn't gotten more than thirty feet from shore when a bass, and a mighty big one at that, came up and made a pass at him. Goodbye, Mr. Squirrel, thinks I when I saw that splash, but the bass had missed him and he scrambled back up on his chip and set sail again. Three times more that bass tried for him but he missed every time. The last time it happened they weren't more than six feet from shore and the squirrel set out for it instead of trying to get back on his chip.

"'But that bass wasn't giving him up, not him. The squirrel managed to grab hold of a root and he scooted up the tree like greased lightning, but that bass was right behind him. They must have been ten feet up before the bass got a good holt, but when he did, Mr. Squirrel disappeared in just one gulp. The bass flopped down onto the shore, and before he could get back into the water I picked him up and I had broiled squirrel and fried fish for supper that night.'"

The Grateful but Alcoholic Snake Which Brought the Frogs to the Fisherman for One Drink Per Frog.

One of the strangest methods of catching fish was described for the Hook, Line and Sinker Club members by an angler for rainbow trout:

"One day I was walking along the shore of the Payette River in Idaho—out where the trout are really mammoth in size. As I rounded a bend in the river I saw a native fisherman stretched out on the bank, his hand clutching a landing net.

"'That's a funny way to fish,' I said, by way of opening the conversation. 'Where's your tackle—your hooks, bait, rod and reel?'

"'Don't need none of those things, mister,' the native drawled. 'Jest watch me.'

"He stepped out on a projecting log and took from his pocket a large plug of chewing tobacco. With his knife he cut the plug of tobacco into small pieces, scattered the bits over the water and soon had all the fish chewing. Then all he did was dip them out with the net when they came up to spit."

"My Uncle Brice hit on a method of catching sharks that made him a rich man and completely demoralized the whaling industry," narrates another Hook, Line and Sinker neophyte.

"Back in the latter part of the last century, it was found that shark oil for lamp lighting purposes was far superior to the commonly used whale oil. The whalers still sold their oil at a good price, however, as sharks were hard to catch and rendered a small amount of oil in comparison to the whale.

"Now my Uncle Brice was a foxy fellow. He knew that a shark died immediately after being hooked, and also that a shark, being naturally lazy, always bit into the tenderest part of a fish.

"So Uncle B. strung an immense hook on a mile long cable and baited it with turtle gristle. The line was then towed out from shore into the channel. A hungry shark would come along, seize the bait, and—shark-like—would give up the ghost. Another shark would come along and bite into the dead shark.

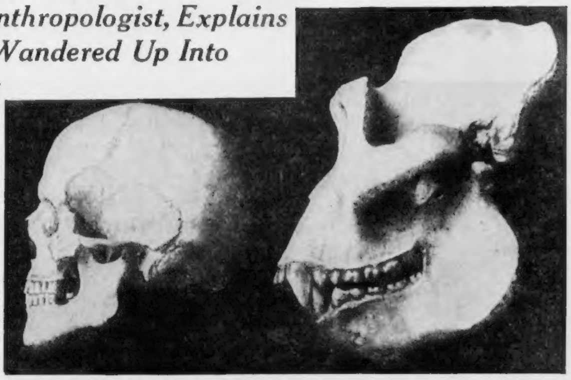
"Since the softest spot would be the stomach, the second shark would swallow the bait, pushing the first shark up the line. Then Number 3 would bite Number 2, push him up the line and so would dozens and dozens of others until a solid line of sharks a mile long had been caught.

"Uncle had to use a twenty-mule team to pull the catch from the water."

# How We Lost Our Fur and Grew Our Chins?

## *Prof. Marett, Distinguished English Anthropologist, Explains That Our Prehuman Ancestors Wandered Up Into the Mountains Where Bone-Forming Lime Was Plentiful and Hair-Making Iodine Scarce*

A Gnome, as Drawn by Arthur Rackham—And Maybe There Was Once a Race of White Pygmies That Started the Legends About These Industrious "Little People."



A Gorilla's Jaws and Teeth Compared With Modern Man's—When Man Lost His Fangs, Prof. Marett Thinks, the Massive Jawbone Failed to Shrink in Proportion, Jutting Out Into a Chin.

MINERALS in the earth, under his feet, have dictated man's progress from a small, hairy ape into a forest ogre, the Neanderthal man; then, at different times and places, whittled him down to a big-headed pygmy, a tall hunter with long, spidery legs, a Nordic giant heavyweight of the dry plains, who easily conquered the small-boned, feminized people of the moist lands, but could not survive because there was not enough lime for upkeep of his huge skeleton or for his baby's mother's milk.

Such is the latest theory of the mysterious driving force behind evolution, according to J. R. de la H. Marett, well-known English anthropologist, in his recent book, "Race, Sex and Environment." It attempts to explain not only the rise and collapse of human races and civilizations, but of such animal masters of the world as the dinosaurs.

A good many other anthropologists disagree with Mr. Marett's conclusions or consider them unproved, but all admit that his ideas are stimulating to thought.

The author thinks that today the earth is being populated with a race of feminized city dwellers who are individually docile and easily regimented; but once ordered to war, are merciless exterminators, far different from the chivalrous, professional soldier type who merely fights to win. The feminized type fights with the murderous fury of a mother animal in defense of her young. The fighting in Spain, then, is not to be considered a relapse into the savagery of the past, but a foretaste of all the wars to come, until finally a single system of dictatorship has gotten every human being under its thumb.

An Average-Sized Woman Beside an African Pygmy—The Small Body May Be Nature's Way of Compensating for a Scarcity of Bone-Building Lime.

The Ancestors of This Mother Monkey and Her Child Stayed Down in the Valleys Where There Was Plenty of Iodine in the Food, So They Have Inherited Shaggy Coats of Fur, According to Prof. Marett's Theory.

But the Prehuman Ancestors of This Mother and Her Baby Went High Into the Mountains and Lived on Food Deficient in Iodine, Which Affected the Thyroid Glands, Making Hair Fall Out, So They Have Inherited Smooth Bodies.

The theory is extremely complicated, requiring endless pages to explain in full but certain parts, such as the matter of lime in the soil are easily understood. Creatures living in lands where there is plenty of lime in the top soil can afford to have a large jaw full of big teeth and a skeleton as big as a house. That is what the dinosaurs actually had and it was easy for them because all the vegetation they ate consisted of lime-lovers. Their systems were always full of this main ingredient of bones. But climates change and as soon as a dry, open prairie with scanty rain turned into a dripping forest, with heavy rainfall, the lime was washed away from the top soil, it became scanty in the plants and the drinking water and the dinosaurs with their monster frameworks to build and support became lime bankrupts. Millions of years later, Mr. Marett thinks that men, under the same situation, had the same misfortune, but survived by balancing their lime budget.

Burly savages from the North of Europe constantly blundered South to the moist, warm Mediterranean lands finding civilized people, with many advantages but strangely small, light-boned and to these fierce giants, effeminate-looking. Wondering why this should be, the big fellows easily conquered the little fellows and then had something less pleasant to wonder about.

The brawny masters no longer felt as well as in their dryer native wilds. Their teeth went bad and if they broke a bone it did not heal properly. Worst of all, the mother's milk failed or was so poor that their children could not live on it. Wet nurses from the despised, conquered population no doubt saved their lives but the children grew up weak, rickety specimens, unfit to rule. Before many generations they were only a memory until the next invasion.

Marett believes that evolution molded races of man and animal on such a basis of lime economy that they could thrive in lime-scant areas and that long before civilizations the first forest hunters were not great heavy-boned brutes, as commonly supposed, but small wiry men, with light bones, big heads and long, spidery legs. The reason their fossil bones have never been found would be because the acid, wet soil of the forest must have quickly dissolved their fragile skeletons.

This theory of evolution presupposes that overcrowding in the forest caused a migration of one of the smaller apes up the slopes of some of the newly risen mountain ranges, probably of Asia above the tree line. There it made a living, grubbing out roots and picking berries and probably forced to eat as many insects as it could digest. Here, as usual in the mountains, there would be a dearth of iodine but not of lime. The reason the theory favors a small ape is because it seems unlikely that a heavy-weight would have learned the upright posture so well that it walked on its hind legs ever since.

Now, with plenty of lime, there was no reason why it could not grow bigger. Like other pioneers, these adventuring bands were mostly males, which meant fighting among them for the few mates, putting a premium on survival of the biggest, strongest and fiercest. New male stragglers from the forest would keep the numbers of the sexes unbalanced indefinitely. Under such circumstances evolution might well have worked with the unusual speed it is known to have put forward in the case of man.

But while these creatures were getting big and strong and learning to walk on their hind legs, with arms growing shorter because there were no trees to climb, something else was happening to them. Lack of iodine was having its effect on the thyroid gland, as it usually does in lands far from the sea. Though they could afford to be lime spendthrifts they had to be iodine misers. The writer goes to great length trying to prove that thyroid disturbances today cause baldness in humans and that hairlessness is one of Nature's most effective ways of skimping on iodine. This is why and where, according to the book's theory, the hairy ape that was to develop into a man, became a naked animal. If necessity is the mother of invention, it is logical that the problem of nakedness caused the invention of clothes rather than the other way around.

The cold of the mountain made it no longer possible for a naked, warm-blooded animal to survive. Here was the time to have invented clothing but it was beyond the ape's intelligence. There was no alternative but to come down from the mountain.

One branch, the writer believes, found its way to the grassy plains of the steppes becoming a heavy, short-legged biped, with a herd instinct to combine against carnivorous enemies. The other returned to the forest. These prodigal sons and daughters made no attempt to live in the trees where their ancestors had already failed, a career now made hopeless by their shorter arms.

Thus wretchedly equipped, they had no chance of reaching, ahead of the tree apes, the fruits containing the lime brought up by tree roots deep in the soil. Besides eaters of insects they had to become hunters of small ground animals. With this came a change that must have looked like degeneration but was really a bigger step toward becoming human than learning to walk on their hind legs.

Marett's idea is that to economize on lime they became light, nimble dwarfs or rather gnomes with enormous heads for their bodies and considerable speed on their two legs. But this fragile, puny, timid creature was not the stuff world-conquerors are made of. Meanwhile the other band that had retreated from the mountains to the plains, still had the lime available to keep on building up to a still bigger and stronger hairless ape, but with not so much speed or intelligence. Marett believes that the wood gnomes abandoned the forest a second and final time to join their husky relatives out on the steppes. Each lacked what the other needed and from the amalgamation came the first creature that might truly be called human.

In her rigid economy of lime, Nature did an unusual thing, reducing the ape's "horseshoe" of teeth to the smallest possible size, but retaining so much of the old jawbone that it stuck out in the form of a chin. Chins are seen in the artificially-bred bulldog and in sickly "bulldog" calves but are a rare product in normal Nature, being found in only a few creatures such as the elephant and one rather large gibbon.

A Dinka "Stork-Man" of the Upper Nile, With Elongated Bones Produced by Copious Lime Diet. In Ancient Times a Similar Race of Spider-Legged Men May Have Started the Legends of Graceful Fairies.

The purpose in leaving this needlessly big tooth-foundation was apparently in case swiftly-evolving man might put in a rush-order to get his old-fashioned big teeth back in his face again. This very thing seems to have happened when the Neanderthal man chewed so much grit with the roots he ate that he needed such big teeth that they more than filled out his chin line. These had huge pulp cavities doubtless to produce new dentine as fast as it was ground away. Egyptian mummies show that later, humanity needed big teeth again from grit chewing, but for some reason did not get them. The modern human chin seems to be of little value except a target for human fists. Man is a small-faced animal, but might have had a countenance as long as that of the horse, had there always been plenty of lime.

Geophagy, a seemingly injurious and senseless habit of eating earth, found among certain savage tribes and occasionally cropping up in India, may have originated in desperate attempts to overcome mineral starvation. Many parts of India are seriously deficient in lime and it has been noted that rickety native children will lick the lime from freshly whitewashed walls. Marett even suggests that the ancient savage custom, dating back to paleolithic man, of painting himself with grease and such minerals as red ochre, came from instinctive attempts to rub indigestible minerals into his system through the skin.

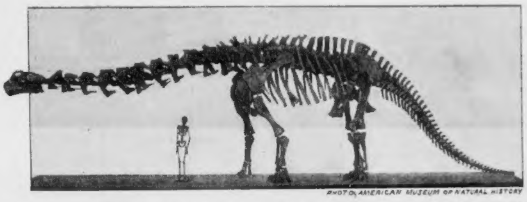


PHOTO © AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Living on Food Composed Largely of Lime, This Prehistoric Dinosaur Was An Animated Bone Factory. Note the Size of Its Skeleton Compared to That of a Man.

Minerals had much to do with producing the Bible according to this theory's interpretation of history. The Jews, a pastoral race interested only in flocks and herds, and enjoying plenty of lime, iodine and most other mineral needs, were knocked out by a prolonged drought; lack of another necessity, water, in their grazing lands. In this emergency they went to Egypt which could get along without rain, due to periodic overflow of the Nile and irrigation.

The author says they arrived with the cowboy's contempt of the farmer and mechanic but before they got out again they had been forced to learn and respect both these ways of earning a living. Also the Children of Israel had enriched their minds with the knowledge and philosophy of one of the world's oldest civilizations. It was a tough school which they did not enjoy but without that broadening education they could hardly have written the book that was to have such a profound effect on Western civilization.

In everyone's blood is plenty of giant and pygmy ancestry. There are not only Bushmen and other dwarf races in existence but recently-discovered underground burrowings suggest that within recent times the great forests of Central Europe sheltered a race of pygmies. Some of these could have been the short, stocky little men with grotesquely big heads, that have come down in the German tradition of gnomes. In other places may have appeared a thin spidery-legged throwback which gave rise to legends of the graceful fairies. Little Ireland is famous for producing both giants and dwarfs.

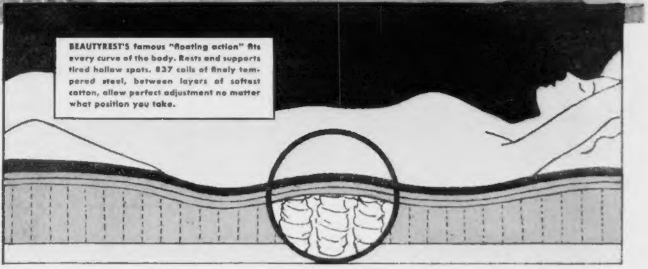
When the cave dweller somewhat shamefacedly turned to agriculture, he rapidly exhausted the soil of his little garden patches and, knowing nothing of fertilizers, tried to restore them by magic. His deities were mostly goddesses, with steatopygous fat hips, who lived in the ground and would make it fertile, if properly bribed and flattered. Those of the pastoral plainsmen were fierce he-gods, dwelling in the sky, who might send gentle rain or blistering drought, according to how they felt.

It has always been something of a puzzle why flaked flints which call for high skill and training, came long before polished stone implements which required only the lowest grade of labor, such as children, half-wits and cripples could supply. Marett suggests that it came about through agriculture and superstition. Some old stone hoe that had brought good results when the field was new but finally became broken would be preserved and venerated as magical. Its successor would be as nearly as possible of the same shape and also it would have to be polished artificially to simulate the natural polish of long use. He believes that Thor's hammer may have originally been a holy hoe.

# *How do You Get to Sleep?*

DO YOU STAY AWAKE UNTIL YOU "TAKE SOMETHING"?

OR DO YOU GO RIGHT TO SLEEP ON A BEAUTYREST?



**BEAUTYREST'S** famous "floating action" fits every curve of the body. Rests and supports tired hollow spots. 837 coils of finely tempered steel, between layers of softest cotton, allow perfect adjustment no matter what position you take.

## Over 2 Million People

### solve their Sleep Problem with the right kind of Mattress

WHEN you get into bed tonight, will you be able to drop off to sleep naturally? Or will you toss and turn, searching in vain for sleep that doesn't come until you give up and "take something"?

If you have to struggle night after night to get to sleep, there is every chance it is simply your mattress that *won't let you sleep.*

You may be one of those who need additional aids to sleep. But at least test yourself first with the right kind of sleeping equipment. You don't expect to have foot comfort in a shoe that doesn't give proper support. Why should you expect to sleep easily and well on a badly constructed mattress?

Unless your mattress is scientifically constructed, it will distort the natural lines of your body, strain your back and make your muscles work so that you can't possibly relax enough to get anything but the fitful slumber of exhaustion.

Simmons Beautyrest Mattress does not *put* you to sleep. But it *is* scientifically constructed to *let* you sleep. Its 837 separate coils instantly adjust themselves to your body at every point of contact. Every position you take is comfortable. You don't have to hunt for a comfortable place to lie.

On a Beautyrest you are actually unconscious of the mattress. You simply float off to slumber on its 837 "floating-action" coil springs. You turn without conscious effort and take the 20-45 different positions a sleeper naturally takes to rest his muscles—without disturbance, without waking. And when morning comes, you wake deeply refreshed, renewed.

Let Beautyrest solve your sleeping problem once and for all. The cost is only 2¼¢ a day! Ask about it today at any leading furniture or department store. Simmons Company, 222 North Bank Drive, Chicago. New York, San Francisco, Atlanta, Los Angeles, Dallas, Seattle, Kansas City, Boston.

- The Beautyrest costs $39.50. The same famous Beautyrest construction is obtainable in a hair mattress, $59.50. Other Simmons products are the Deepsleep and Slumber King mattresses, Box Springs, the Ace and other coil springs.

**THE BEST PRESCRIPTION FOR A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP**

**SIMMONS *Beautyrest***

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF BEDS, SPRINGS, MATTRESSES, STUDIO COUCHES, METAL FURNITURE

# "Neither Maid, Widow Nor Wife"

## Recent Peculiar Embarrassment of Women Who Think They Are Married but Suddenly Discover That They Aren't at All, or Only Partly So

Evelyn Neville Bowen, Former Follies Beauty, Who Put Her Fascinating Ex-Husband Into Jail When She Claimed His Cuban Divorce Was Worthless and His Fourth Marriage Bigamous

Ruth Roland, Who Is Mrs. Ben Bard in California but Who Has No Legal Right to That Name in New York, as the New York Courts Decreed That the Bards' California Divorce Was Not Valid.

Patricia Whitney, a New York Dancer, Who Had Her Marriage Annulled When She Learned Abruptly That Her Husband Had Been Married Before and Divorced.

Martha Pryor, Who Is Mrs. Ben Bard in New York, at Least

Harriet Hall Tuttle, Whose Romance Ended When Her Radio Romeo Landed in Court, Charged With Bigamy.

Arline Selby, Who Became an Unclothed Dancer in Order to Earn Money Enough to Bail Her Husband Out of Alimony Jail When His Former Wife Sought to Prove His Divorce Invalid

Lillian Mack, Who Says Her "Husband," After Ten Years, Announced She Wasn't His Wife Because He Had a Real Wife in Des Moines, Iowa, and Was Going Back to Her

IT was Shakespeare who in his "Measure for Measure" coined the expression "neither maid, widow nor wife." [illegible] turistic idea with [illegible] in those days a woman was [illegible] wife, widow or maid. But these days almost anything can [illegible] a number of women re[illegible] have listened to the chimes of [illegible] bells only to discover later that they were among Mr. Shakespeare's uncatalogued ladies. As for example:

"I pronounce you man and wife," said the minister. But the blushing bride, Mrs. Maude Painter Kemp Livingston Bowen, soon was blushing furiously again because she found out the minister [illegible] pronounced her when Mrs. [illegible] Neville Bowen, former [illegible] beauty, and [illegible] Eugene [illegible] Eugene [illegible] of bigamy.

B[illegible] had told his fourth wife that he had a Cuban [illegible] showed her some [illegible] documents to [illegible]. But, unfortunately, these documents didn't impress Evelyn, nor did they impress authorities of the State of New York, where Eugene had done most of his previous marrying, nor the authorities of the State of New Jersey, where he happened to marry Maude.

[illegible] Ruth Roland, [illegible] wealthy screen [illegible] awoke one [illegible] to discover that she had fallen [illegible] classification of "demi-brides" [illegible] Martha Pryor, who as her name [illegible] was the first wife of Ben [illegible] picture theater owner and [illegible] "married" to Miss Roland, [illegible] his California divorce was a [illegible] started a separation suit [illegible].

[illegible] after this, pretty Patricia [illegible] a Broadway dancer told a [illegible] court that her husband, [illegible] a writer, had made her [illegible] that he couldn't keep before [illegible] married and consequently she [illegible] was a bride in fact. Lee's [illegible] romance was another [illegible] Rose affair. It developed, [illegible] work out as in the play [illegible] to Jersey City in No[illegible] and were married after [illegible] her he would re[illegible] a Catholic church as her [illegible]. But there was the [illegible] couldn't keep, Patricia said. [illegible] married before and di[illegible] therefore a priest couldn't [illegible] age ceremony. So there [illegible] a married in the eyes of [illegible] living a life of sin in the [illegible] church. Fortunately, she [illegible] the true state of affairs [illegible] enough to remain a kissless [illegible] and brought suit for annulment, [illegible] was granted.

[illegible] K. Tuttle, radio salesman [illegible] New York City has been accused [illegible] a couple of trusting girls [illegible] wife [illegible] attractive [illegible], secretary and [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] York [illegible]

[illegible] wife for six years [illegible] status was questioned when [illegible] the actress and a former wife of Norman Selby, the well [illegible] dancer, foreclosed her first [illegible] on Norman by filing a claim for $[illegible] back alimony and announcing that it was "separation alimony" because Selby's Illinois divorce from her was not valid.

A difference of opinion awakened [illegible] than Mack to the real[illegible] was one of the women [illegible] about. It all started [illegible] Monday morning [illegible] Mrs. Mack says she [illegible] salesman hus[illegible] and really sell [illegible] was certain he was a [illegible] because he had sold her [illegible] marrying him ten years before, but [illegible] the family purse had been slim [illegible]. Mrs. Mack says she suggested [illegible] Mr. Mack bestir himself and hustle [illegible] tribute to the family expenses. [illegible] the matter with that elo[illegible] toughness for which red[illegible] people are famous and by the time she had finished didn't see how her husband could put any possible defense argument out. He didn't. Relying on the ancient strategy that a good attack is better than the best defense anyway, she says, he floored Mrs. Mack with the statement:

"You're not my wife anyway and I'm going back to my real one in Des Moines." This is the sort of speech known to the scenario departments as a "hat-and-out" line, and out Mrs. Mack says he went. He grabbed his hat and went out of the house where he had lived for ten years and presumably went back to Des Moines. It is not known just what sort of greeting he got there, nor what sort of excuse he offered for his absence, granting he got a chance to make an excuse.

When the sheriff served his bigamy warrant on sandwich shop-man Eugene Bowen, Mrs. Maude Bowen, his fourth wife, or more correctly, his demi-bride, was pretty put out about it. She was so much put out that though she is said to be worth several millions of dollars, she wouldn't even put up a mere pittance like $2,500 to get Eugene out of jail, and certainly Eugene didn't have the money. None expects the husband of a millionairess to have money [illegible]. And that Cuban divorce was [illegible] good in Cuba, so all Mrs. M[illegible] have had to do [illegible] bail her husband out [illegible] and there live a life of [illegible] as the one and only Mrs. Eugene Bowen, so far as the Cuban authorities were concerned.

Mrs. Bowen number four, however, was so mortified by Eugene's divorce carelessness which she figured was even worse than gross carelessness, that she let him languish in jail for 30 days. Then Evelyn Bowen, who claimed she still was married to Eugene, relented and dropped her charge. Somebody meanwhile had produced $1,000 and the authorities decided that was enough bail so Eugene breathed the air of freedom once again.

The two Mrs. Bowens then got together to talk the whole thing over in a sensible manner. It looked to them as though Eugene could be in the enviable position of having two legal wives, one in Cuba and the other in New York, unless something were done about it. Neither of them cared to be a geographical bride and each offered the other a quit-claim deed to her interest in Gene, but neither it seemed, wanted him as badly as they thought so both refused. Instead they each went to court, one seeking a divorce and the other an annulment. Mrs. Bowen No. 4 testified for Mrs. Bowen No. 3 to the effect that Eugene h[illegible] violated his [illegible] marrying another [illegible] Mrs. Bowen No. 3 testified for Mrs. Bowen No. 4 to the effect that a man cannot honestly marry a woman when he was still [illegible] to another. Both won their [illegible] which so far as is known gives Mr. Bowen the distinction of being the [illegible] in the country who lost two wives the same day in the same court.

Ruth Roland's problem is considerably more complicated. Martha Pryor, Bard's previous wife, through her attorney, Benjamin I. Shivers of 1775 Broadway, New York City, who filed her suit for separation from the again-married Mr. Bard, charged that Ben went to California and became intoxicated with the [illegible] of Hollywood in general and Ruth Roland in particular. He treated her (Martha) cruelly, she claims, and then in 1925 he started divorce action in California. Martha says she didn't want any divorce, [illegible] agree to any and didn't appear at the divorce trial. But in 1927 the California courts granted Bard his [illegible] anyway which Martha claimed was illegal and a dirty trick to play on a lady besides. Then Bard married Ruth Roland.

A few weeks ago Referee John Ford in New York, declared Martha was Bard's real and only real wife as far as New York State was concerned, granted her separation request, and a[illegible] her alimony. [illegible] however, Bard's [illegible] Ruth [illegible] Mrs. [illegible]

[illegible] Martha [illegible] get all Ruth's money. If Miss [illegible] died at 9 p.m. and Bard died two minutes later her fortune would go to Bard and in turn it would very likely go to Martha as his heir. What [illegible] two minutes after Ruth? It is all very mixed up and neither Martha, Miss Roland nor Bard can be certain how they stand.

[illegible] Frederick A. Tuttle [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] Hall [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] to collect stamps [illegible] and [illegible] Mr. [illegible] well radio had gone [illegible] Mrs. Cromwell wanted it fixed. Mr. Tuttle was the fixer. He looked over the radio, changed a tube or did whatever else it is radio men do to ailing radios and this quite pleased Miss Hall. Mrs. Cromwell [illegible] whose job it was to aid Mrs. Cromwell [illegible]

[illegible] Mrs. [illegible] a crooner of [illegible] he sang his way into Miss Hall's heart. He told her [illegible] a week which is [illegible] pay for these times.

So they were married at the fashionable Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York with Mrs. [illegible] and many other [illegible]

[illegible] test [illegible] tearful [illegible]

She [illegible] newspapers [illegible] Inspector [illegible] reads the newspapers and he remembered that his pretty [illegible] Rita Bergen had married a Frederick A. Tuttle who had something to do with radios just three weeks before. [illegible] having suspicious minds [illegible] who is affectionately [illegible] were the same.

When [illegible]

When [illegible] her first mortgage [illegible] Selby [illegible] $10,[illegible] that [illegible] Selby [illegible] status as a wife was questioned [illegible]

First of all Mr. Selby [illegible] $10,000 so he was jailed [illegible] part for a stage [illegible] Selby [illegible] however and [illegible] the whole thing could be [illegible]

[illegible] marrying a stage [illegible] steal this [illegible] as bare [illegible] secured a contract [illegible] and earned enough to bail [illegible] of [illegible] ville.

[illegible] wife persons

## Eaters Digest

### STAND-UP SOUFFLÉ

The secret of a fluffy soufflé the kind that won't go flat in a few minutes—is divulged by Mrs. R. E. T., of Denver. To a cup and a half of flaked tuna fish she adds a can of Heinz Cooked Macaroni mixing it well with a fork. Then she stirs in two well beaten egg yolks and two stiffly-beaten egg whites. Next she bakes it in a greased casserole and moderate oven for forty minutes. The result a delicious melt-in-the-mouth soufflé that stands up until the second serving! (P. S.—The family stands up and cheers!

### MACARONI CON CARNE

At supper-time when youngsters come home ravenous from an afternoon's encounter with the three R's show 'em you know *your* alphabet—from H to Z! Cut a pound of thin round steak into small slices and brown them in butter. Sprinkle with a tablespoon of flour—add a half cup of milk—season with a teaspoon of salt and simmer until a smooth gravy is formed. Pour a can of Heinz Cooked Macaroni into a casserole, leaving a depression in the center for the meat. Top with thin slices of onion and bake forty minutes in a moderate oven. Mmmmm and Mmmmmm!

*W. B., New Haven, Conn.*

### GOOD AND CRABBY

Bachelor R. C., of Plymouth, Pa., eats alone and likes it! No wonder! Testifies this distinguished amateur chef: "To the contents of two cans of Heinz Cooked Macaroni with cheese I add one can of crab meat and season to taste with a dash of sherry. When the mixture is thoroughly heated, I serve it in square toasted bread cups. Why should I marry?

### HEINZ FOOD SYMPHONY

Here's a food note to tune up appetites! Miss R. C., of Nevada, Iowa, broils pork chops—three-quarters of an inch thick—for forty-five minutes. She spreads them with Heinz Tomato Ketchup, placing a generous heap of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti on each chop. This is crowned with a thin slice of Bermuda onion smeared with Heinz Prepared Mustard—yellow or brown. Back into the oven go the chops until the onion is savory—succulent—golden brown. Try this one on *your* family and be prepared for encores!

**$5 REWARD** If you have any smart, original recipes or interesting facts about the 57 Varieties, send them to me. You'll get a check for five dollars and a beautiful certificate with your name on it if your contribution is used in this column. Mail to Demi Tasse, c/o The House of Heinz, Dept. 48, Pittsburgh, Pa.

### CAMPER'S CONCOCTION

The great outdoors a glowing fire and Heinz! Ingenious camper, J. M. C., of Washington, N. J., contrives a rugged repast by browning three sliced green peppers and six sliced onions—mixing them with two large cans of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti and two cans of Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup. This he stirs constantly over the open fire until he [illegible] a quarter of a pound of shredded American cheese. It's served on slices of hot buttered toast. I say there's something in this back-to-nature idea!

*—Demi Tasse*

# 2 QUICK MEAL FAVORITES by Heinz

FOR a delicious, thrifty, pinch-hit meal you simply can't beat Heinz Cooked Spaghetti in Tomato Sauce with Cheese—or Heinz Cooked Macaroni in Cream Sauce with Cheese [illegible] *served fragrantly hot right from your* [illegible]

You're certain to relish these appetizing foods just as they come from the tin richly yet delicately flavored [illegible] Heinz chefs completely [illegible] ready to heat and eat.

Or you can give both an extra special allure—it only takes a moment—with a cupful of mushrooms [illegible] three or four plump frankfurters [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

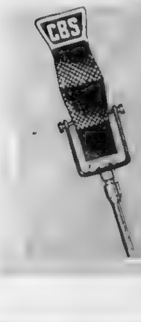
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

**Heinz** COOKED SPAGHETTI
COOKED MACARONI

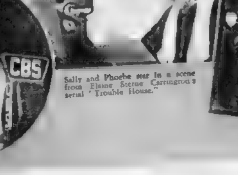
[illegible]



### TUNE IN HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR

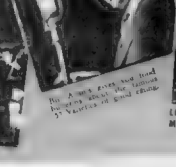
Rhythm—laughter—food—romance—fashion—all packed into a half hour's entertainment! Survey shows that this is the most popular among daytime programs. Listen every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning to this complete woman's magazine! Columbia Broadcasting System.

[illegible] songs of past and present are brought to you by Reed Kennedy's rich baritone voice.



Sally and Phoebe star in a scene from Elaine Sterne Carrington's serial "Trouble House."

[illegible]



Mr. A[illegible] gives you food [illegible] about the famous 57 Varieties of good eating.

LOOK FOR THIS HEINZ SPAGHETTI AND MACARONI DISPLAY AT YOUR GROCER'S

# Science Solves More Mysteries of Lightning

## *Why It Stutters on the Radio; Not One Kind of Lightning Only But Probably Dozens; Why Some Thunderbolts Kill and Burn While Others Don't Do Either*

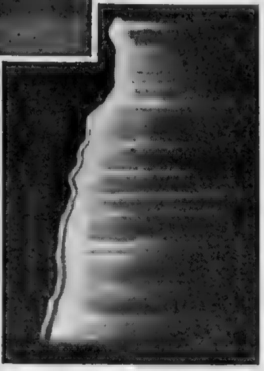
An Artificial Bolt of Lightning, Ten Million Volts in Intensity, Produced in a Great Electrical Laboratory.

The Effect of the Artificial Thunderbolt Upon a Tree Trunk Set Up in the Laboratory, Showing It Torn and Splintered

And, for Comparison, a Tree Trunk Which Has Been Struck and [illegible] by One of Nature's Own Thunderbolts From the Sky

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Lightning Striking the Top of the Empire State Building in New York City. To the Eye the Electrical Discharge Looks Like a Single Flash



But, as This Ultra-Rapid Photograph Shows, It Is Made Up of a Number of Discharges, the Black Line Being What Is Called the "Leader," or Initial Discharge

Photograph of the Mysterious Form of Lightning Known as St. Elmo's Lights, Which Are Frequently Seen Upon the Masts and Rigging of Ships at Sea—Illuminating, in This Case, a Church and Graveyard.

LIGHTNING is a stutterer as [illegible] when it intrudes [illegible] in the form of static. [illegible] knows what causes [illegible] in Nature's speech. [illegible] has found out why there seem to [illegible] two kinds of lightning, hot and [illegible] one [illegible] or sets fire to [illegible] anything it touches and another [illegible] roof from the farmer's [illegible] has around and, yet [illegible] singe anything.

[illegible] taken pictures of [illegible] the act of stuttering [illegible] some of its tricks [illegible] thunder- [illegible] natural [illegible] making [illegible] the [illegible] of electrical [illegible] powerful [illegible]. These [illegible] machines [illegible] of every [illegible] the heavenly electricity keeps coming down and blowing out power [illegible] the carefully-insulated paths over which man-made electricity must travel.

The only way to outwit this practical joker was to understand the joker better. Mr. K. B. McEachron and his associates at the High Voltage Engineering Laboratory of the General [illegible] Pittsfield, Massachusetts, [illegible] out what [illegible] imitation of [illegible].

[illegible] Mr. McEachron [illegible] volt [illegible] this [illegible] that voltage [illegible] to Nature's [illegible] of [illegible] was [illegible] of both [illegible] the results of [illegible] the two would be quite [illegible]. A few weeks ago by a [illegible] arrangement of the [illegible] Mr. McEachron succeeded [illegible] flashes of 5,000,000 volts [illegible] the enormous current of [illegible] or about 100,000 times [illegible] as flows through an ordinary [illegible].

[illegible] just what the voltage [illegible] of a lightning flash [illegible]. When lightning happens to pass [illegible] an ordinary electric [illegible] is not enough left of [illegible] to be much com[illegible]. Engineers know [illegible] that can take [illegible] measure it, but how are they going to coax the lightning into their trap?

However, there are other tests which indicate that the laboratory lightning is about as good or as bad as the natural. It will split trees, burn up wires, set building material on fire and perpetrate most of the thunderbolt's most notorious tricks. No doubt it would be equally fatal to a human being who got in its path.

It was in that laboratory that they found the secret of "hot" and "cold" lightning. There is [illegible] hot [illegible] in spite of [illegible] is not enough to [illegible] wood [illegible]. The [illegible] ribbon of [illegible] spanning the gap between the black cloud and the drenched earth may be one single charge of electricity or it may be 10, 15 or even 20 successive ones following each other so rapidly that the eye cannot tell whether it was one flash or a score.

The Pittsfield engineers prove that even a 50,000 ampere flash at a voltage of 5,000,000 volts is not powerful enough to set ordinary materials on fire, provided there is only one flash instead of repeated flashes. Fires happen only when there are such repeated flashes, striking one after another at the same spot in such close succession that only the high-speed cameras used in these researches are able to distinguish one flash from the one ahead of or following it.

What [illegible] happens when lightning commits arson is that the first flash heats up the wooden roof or other article a little but not enough to ignite it. Next comes the second flash before the slightly heated wood has had time to cool. Even two flashes may not do the fire-making trick, but if there are five or ten of them, each arriving within a tiny fraction of a second after its predecessor, almost anything will get hot enough to catch fire.

[illegible] this theory [illegible] persons [illegible] the same [illegible] the path of [illegible] lightning flashes that [illegible] repeatedly in this way [illegible] that hits only once [illegible] explain the mysterious fact that some people are hit by lightning and escape while others seem to be instantly killed. The latter unfortunates may be those whom the flash has hit again and again.

This series of strokes was the only reason offered for the stuttering effect of lightning static on the radio until the matter was cleared up in South Africa, where it is easy to be a lightning expert because thunder storms are more frequent and violent than most anywhere else in the world. This year Prof. B. F. J. Schonland in reporting to the Royal Society of South Africa on his three years' researches gave the real secret of the lightning's stuttering.

[illegible] the start of a flash of [illegible] quite so simple as it seems. Instead of a mere electric spark of gigantic size between a cloud and the earth, what first happens is that a thin, faint, almost invisible "leader" starts [illegible] from the [illegible]. This leader moves more slowly [illegible] brighter flash [illegible] the job of preparing the air [illegible] this later flash, which is the one that makes all the [illegible] is [illegible] damage.

Professor Schonland [illegible] steadily [illegible].

A [illegible] also [illegible] that even the [illegible] flash has to be [illegible] part of the [illegible]. Like scouts [illegible] expedition [illegible] break the trail before [illegible] the advance guard of the [illegible] party can proceed.

On this theory the first step toward a lightning flash is [illegible]. Some [illegible] to [illegible] stuttering [illegible] way. What happens [illegible] to prepare [illegible] the [illegible] where the [illegible].

Many [illegible] of these flashes seem to be possible. A year or so ago in New Mexico a party of American scientists headed by Professor L. B. [illegible] of the University of that State [illegible] photographs with three different kinds of cameras. One was an [illegible] camera with a [illegible]. Another had a [illegible] three [illegible] of parts of a flash [illegible].

[illegible] They [illegible] were [illegible] the earth [illegible] types [illegible] of [illegible] depending upon the [illegible].

[illegible] October [illegible] storm the Lehigh High School football [illegible] others. The [illegible] the same as the [illegible] of Mr. [illegible]. He [illegible] came the [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. [illegible] Mr. B[illegible] times when [illegible] lightning [illegible] has [illegible].

The [illegible] flash [illegible] of powerful [illegible]. This [illegible] resistance [illegible].

What [illegible] the [illegible] feet. Suppose [illegible] the flash [illegible] the ground [illegible] feet [illegible] an [illegible] danger [illegible].

In the instance of Mr. Be[illegible] horses it may be [illegible] flash did not strike any of the creatures directly but [illegible] the ground somewhere close at hand. Two of the horses [illegible] their feet on the ground [illegible] one foot was [illegible] the flash [illegible]. The horse that [illegible] flash [illegible].

M[illegible] together. [illegible] The type of [illegible] important [illegible] metallic sheets. [illegible] the ground [illegible] spot of the flash [illegible] the metal of Mr. Be[illegible] strong enough [illegible] or a part of it. Mr. B[illegible] were [illegible].

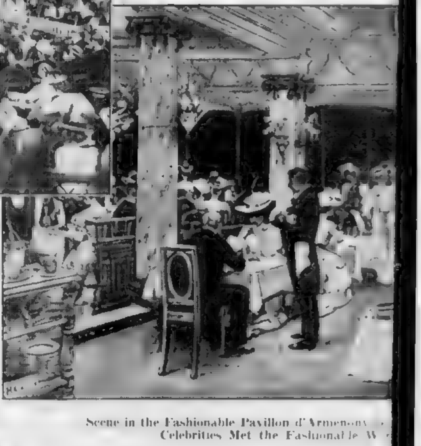
# Unblushing Confessions of a F [illegible] "G

## Mme. Otero, Former Stage Queen, Reveals
## Frankness How She Made Her Rich L
## Her Favors
## Foolishly Tos
## Money and Je
## She Acqu

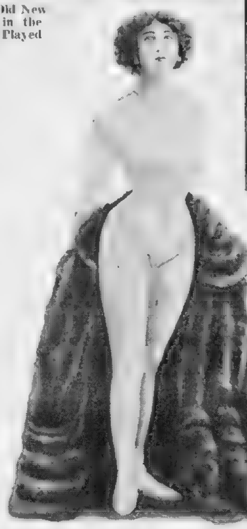
*La Belle Otero. From Sketch by Cappiello, Published in "Le Rire".*

HERBERT PHOTO

**Koster & Bial's Famous Old New York Dance-Hall Back in the Nineties, Where Otero Played an Engagement.**



**Scene in the Fashionable Pavillon d'Armenonv [illegible] Celebrities Met the Fashionable W**



**It Is Said That Otero Stepped Into Poiret's Dressmaking Establishment in Paris One Day, Threw Off Her Fur Wrap and Presented Herself as Shown Above, Remarking: "Monsieur Poiret, I Have Come to Be Draped and Embellished."**

### Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

I have told how my father was killed in a duel with the lover of my attractive but evil Spanish gipsy mother of my wretched home life and how I ran away with a boy sweetheart. Almost with my first stage engagement I found a rich admirer, a banker, who set me up in an apartment and loaded me with jewels.

Surfeited with this life of a pampered bird in a gilded cage, I left my rich banker friend and became the petted darling of a wealthy young Spaniard, but his parents separated us.

Foolishly I married a handsome baritone singer, a decayed Italian Count, who gambled away all I had saved and then disappeared. But I recouped the fortunes of myself, my maid and my dog by triumphal engagements in Paris, Vienna, Berlin and New York, and, incidentally, became the sweetheart of a very rich German banker. Then followed a tour of Hungary, Rumania and Russia, with a distressing experience with one Russian Prince and an affair with another

Back in Paris once more, good fortune brought to me an enormously rich Englishman, who set me up in a palace on the Champs Elysees with eighteen servants; but by my duplicity I lost him.

### CHAPTER VII.

### By CAROLINE OTERO.

*(Continued from Last Sunday)*

THE declarations I have received! The men I have seen weeping, sighing, imploring! Every one of them approached me with a face transfigured by longing; you could read it in every wrinkle on their brows, in the nervous smiles on their mouths. Rough or tender seducers; ironic satyrs that look upon you hungrily; ingenuous adorers, full of timid attentions; hard, complacent rich men who can pay for their pleasure and will take no refusal, greedy old men seized with a last access of ardor, and possessed by the longing to recapture once more the thrills of their first youth · all these I have encountered, egoists and gamblers for the most part, ready to sacrifice anything to gain their one desire, but often incapable of one act of genuine kindness.

I have seen love-sick youngsters, little more than sick children, who attach supreme importance to anything they cannot have, work themselves up to choosing death itself rather than go without their heart's desire.

On one of my travels in Spain, I met a young man who laid siege to me. When I refused to listen to him, he tried to kill me first and then himself The bullet he fired at me lodged itself in my left arm. Before I could even cry out for help, he put another through his head, and fell dead at my feet.

A Rumanian fought a duel over me and was seriously wounded. I have told of the dramatic suicide of Payen. The Vicomte de Chenedolle, that charming gentleman, killed himself because he had not enough money to lead the only life with me he longed for.

Let no one think I chronicle these tragedies in any boastful spirit. I note them to give them my tribute of sadness and to deplore the folly that leads men to such unhappy ends.

You can imagine that on my way through life I have met with plenty of jealousy and hatred. I have seen women purring round me with compliments on their lips and envy hardening their eyes. They coveted my jewels, my luck, my successes, my lovers. Being seen with me was a kind of certificate of a man's riches; after that, he was able to take his choice among the many charming little women friends of my entourage: they were one and all convinced that he must have been a Nabob at the least to have dared approach Otero.

This perpetual mixture of envy and adoration naturally had its effect upon me and gave a strange complexion to my days. I was constantly in an excited state, but felt always that sincerity and ardor were the only things worth having in life.

In the midst of all my love-adventures, I never lost my passion for the stage. Dancing and singing were my favorite occupations, and a fresh "number" was always a joy to me. I delighted to invent new and effective dances, to discover an expensive song, or to plan an interesting act of some sort and put it on the stage.

After the breach with Thompson, my wealthy but exacting British lover, I accepted an engagement in London, and made the acquaintance of Lord S., the owner of one of the greatest names and biggest fortunes in England. He was a perfect gentleman, and always the kindest and most charming friend to me

When I had finished my London engagement, and went back to Paris, he accompanied me. Needless to say, all my little "friends" envied me the conquest of this authentic peer, with his fabulous income and his legendary generosity.

Lord S. was the intimate friend of the Emperor William II. I once went with him on a cruise on the Imperial yacht. Often, in Berlin, the three of us dined together, and Germaine Breton, playing in Berlin at this time, would come in after dinner to sing before the Kaiser.

William II. was quite affable, and invariably showed me extreme courtesy, but his amiability always seemed to me superficial; under the sophisticated mask, one felt the hardness of a dictatorial, unsympathetic nature. He spoke of me as "the little savage," and seemed to be struck by my independence of character. I can truly say that I have never learnt the art of flattery, and with the ex-Kaiser that was the one instrument one should have mastered thoroughly I had never acquired the gift of hiding my thoughts, and I was as outspoken with him as with everyone else: several times, I seemed to notice that this ruffled him.

While I was in Berlin, I heard that an actress, a Mademoiselle Dalton, was giving offensive imitations and parodies of me She caricatured me in ridiculous antics, until I was so enraged that I thought it best to provoke her to a duel. Yes; exactly! Plenty of men had fought for me; this time it pleased me to fight for myself and my own hand. I wounded my fair rival, very slightly, but quite enough to make her reflect on the consequences of an imitation that is not—tactfully carried out.

Offers of another engagement in New York came to me and I made my second trip to America, this time playing in Koster & Bial's famous dance-hall. I was to return on the Bourgogne, but reached the dock just after she had left.

The boat that I had missed was heading her course for Death. You may remember the terrible shipwreck, in which not one soul survived. It is hard not to think that Fate has a hand in our lives, after a thing like this.

After many voyages and emotions, it was good to settle down in Paris again, and to collect my charming and lively friends, even my envious acquaintances, the whole festive circle in short, which spent the evenings dancing, singing and laughing.

However, all the joys of Paris were not enough to keep me from indulging my habit of contemplating the blue skies and green tables of Monte Carlo. I lost, of course. I always lose. Yet every time when I have had a successful tour, I fly to the rock against which hopes are broken, and risk a part of my gains.

Back in Paris with a sadly lighter purse, I installed myself at the Villa Dupont, a quiet, comfortable little house that had been fitted up for me in my absence. I spent happy days there—care-free easy days. Prince Peter, my old admirer, came for a short time to Paris and we resumed our old delightful intimacy. When he left, he made me promise to look him up when next I was in St. Petersburg. It would be easy to keep that promise, for I loved the life they lived over there. I love the fatalistic recklessness of Russians, their casual way of taking life. They are a people afflicted with a perpetual air of homesickness, even though they live in their own country. For what land or paradise are they homesick?

There was a large party of us one night at supper at the Cafe de Paris. Amongst others, there were Andre de Grandchamps, Suzanne Berty, Lucien Damour, Henri de Nemours, Robert de Chevreuse, and many more. Everyone seemed unusually happy; as for me, I was in wild spirits, making them all laugh, and intoxicating myself, so to speak, with my own gaiety

At the next table sat a number of very exuberant Russians. They laughed and joked, and drank as Russians drink, that is to say copiously and uninterruptedly. I had hardly glanced at their table; all the same, I had seen with the corner of my eye that one of the party, a man with a short pointed beard, turned his head pretty often in our direction.

Suddenly Andre, the maitre d'hotel, came apologetically up to me and offered me a fan. I opened it and saw these words in pencil:

"I have something to tell you."

This intrigued me enormously, and I made an opportunity to have a few quiet words with Andre.

"It is absolutely necessary that I should speak to you," he said hurriedly.

"All right!" I told him. "Come and see me tomorrow"

When tomorrow came, Andre presented himself and urged me to accept a dinner invitation for that same night from a Russian nobleman who had sat at the next table the night before. It was the man with the pointed beard.

"He gave me five thousand francs to persuade you," confessed Andre, full of admiration of the nobleman's lavishness.

Why should I refuse the Russian's invitation? I told Andre to accept for me; and when I arrived at the Cafe de Paris, there were all my companions of the night before, seated in front of a most sumptuous banquet. Boldi's orchestra w[illegible] I heard first in Hungary, had come to Paris [illegible] was filling the air with its lingering [illegible] strains

Our amphitryon, it appears, w[illegible] a strange man, but sympathetic and [illegible]

After dinner, I had to leave for my [illegible] at the Folies-Bergere. Pirievski [illegible] the door of the restaurant [illegible] have supper with him after my [illegible] invitation was accompanied by a [illegible] offering. I promised to do so, and Pirievski [illegible] a stage-box and came to applaud me, bringing [illegible] his guests

After supper, Pirievski danced w[illegible] self, and turned out to be a marv[illegible] made me do the famous valse [illegible] believe we were well worth watching. [illegible] true dance but a pantomime of love? W[illegible] acted by two beings who are beginning [illegible] love with each other, there can be [illegible] ful or voluptuous vision.

Pirievski fascinated me. In his [illegible] seemed to feel a quite new and sp[illegible] delight

"For every day you stay with [illegible] pered, "I will give you five thousand fra[illegible]

I did not refuse the money, but it w[illegible] money that I went to him.

At the end of a few days, he said laughing to me:

"It won't take long to ruin [illegible] you, but I haven't the faintest intention of going

It was only a lover's teasing. Pirievski knew well that, at last, I really loved, and that betw[illegible] us money had ceased to seem of th[illegible] ance

After some time, Pirievski was [illegible] Russia, but could not bring himself [illegible] He put it off from day to day. When [illegible] morning to take me out to lunch, I asked him wh[illegible] day he was going.

"Why do you ask that?" he said [illegible] he always seemed anxious

"Naturally, because I want to [illegible]

"You probably have special re[illegible] own for wanting to know.'

"What are you after now?" I asked him, shrugging my shoulders. "It is a very ordinary question. Why can you not take it [illegible]

"Nina, if I go to Russia, what w[illegible] I'm away? I shall be asking myself [illegible] 'What is she saying? What is she doing? W[illegible] is she now?' No, it's too much to bear. How [illegible] one leave the creature one loves? Absence is [illegible] frightful thing, worse than death. Not to know that is the worst torment of all. I'd [illegible] that you were dead than that you were [illegible] to other men."

"Oh, thank you!"

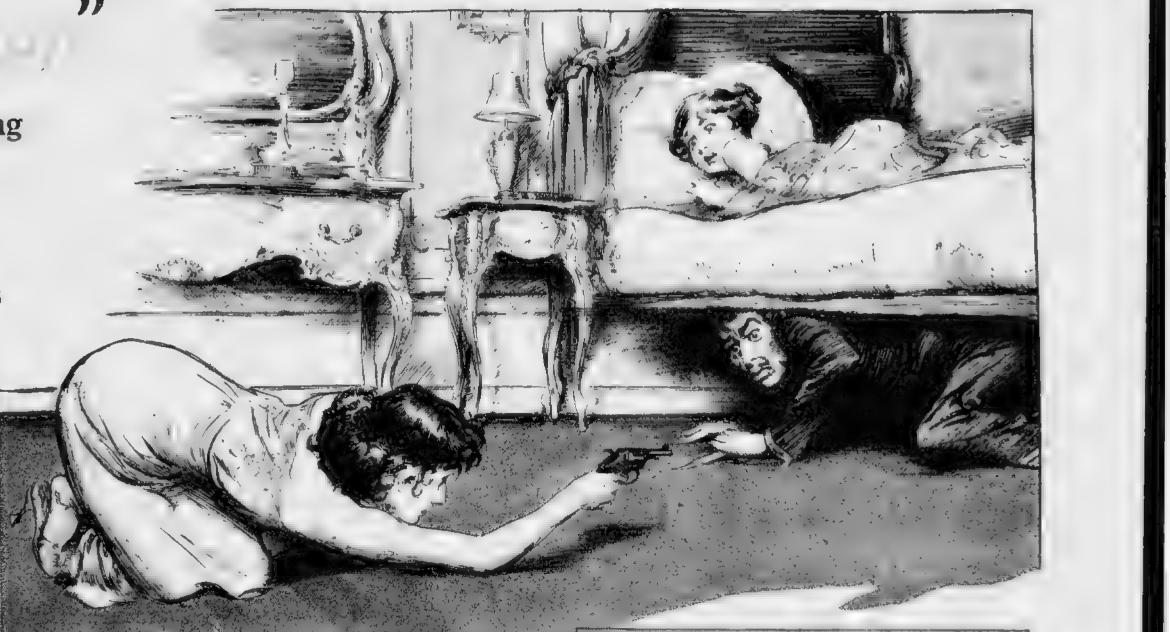
"Nina, you do understand? Tell [illegible] stand

"No, I don't! I don't underst[illegible] that I really love you, yet you do not [illegible]

"But my poor child, how can I tr[illegible] are too lovely to be trusted. How can I [illegible] away leaving you behind me? It isn't [illegible] two days, I should be suffering th[illegible] damned. Think of another man k[illegible] your eyes, your lovely body, sapp[illegible]

# D ”

## With Astonishing overs Pay for and Then sed Away Her wels as Fast as ired Them



*"I must have made some carelessly violent movement with the sprayer, for it flew out of my hand and smashed against the mantelpiece. As I stooped to pick up the pieces, I could see under the bed—and that a man lay there!*

*"Luckily I did not scream, but I was so terrified that my knees gave and I fell upon them, cutting them with the broken bits of scent-bottle. Thank heaven, this collapse did not last long. I got up and stole towards the dressing-table and took out my revolver, lowered it and shot the thief. Then I opened the window and shouted for help.*

*"The man was wounded in the leg, but he climbed out from under the bed. I fired at him again and missed. He got to the window and jumped out of it."*

**in Paris, Where Otero and Other Stage ld After the Performance.**

**Otero at Her Writing Desk in Her Apartment at 23 Rue Fortune, Paris.**

[illegible] No, I can't go, I should go [illegible] I should blow my brains out.'

I thought hard a few minutes. I looked at him. He was actually trembling with misery and foreboding.

"Is it absolutely necessary for you to go?" I asked.

"Yes. I have really important family business to look after. My wife does nothing but send me urgent letters. But—"

"No buts. You'll have to go. If you have to be there, you have to be there."

"No, no, no! All the business in the world shall not drag me away!"

"Would you refuse to go with me to Russia?"

"Go with—you? I'd go with you to the end of the world, you know that. But don't raise false hopes! You'd never go to Russia with me?"

"Yes. I will go."

"Nina!"

"But listen! It's to St. Petersburg I shall be going, not to Moscow."

"Never mind! You'll be going with me, I shall know you're in my own country, I shall be breathing the same air. The distance between Petersburg and Moscow isn't tremendous. I shall often [illegible] come to see you, and we will come back to Paris together."

I thereupon accepted an engagement at the Theatre d'Ete at St. Petersburg, so as to leave with Pirievski. Meantime, we led the strangest life together. We passed our days having "scenes" with each other, making each other suffer. Never in my life have I met so jealous a human being. Never have I seen such a mixture of jealousy with love and death with jealousy.

Pirievski had a revolver that never left his side. Our lives passed in a sort of agitated dream. It was terrible and it was divine!

Pirievski first took me to St. Petersburg then [illegible] in Moscow. Some years back, he had married the very rich widow of a merchant. The aristocracy reproached him for the mesalliance, for Count Michael Pirievski's own family is of the old noblesse, and his father, the General, seemed to have been some sort of national hero.

Pirievski hated going off to Moscow while I was still tied to St. Petersburg by my engagement. He made me promise him a thousand things before he left, and gave me at least a thousand bits of good advice. He asked my brother to mount guard over me, and never to leave me while he was away. I have not yet said that I took my younger brother out to Russia with us. He was [illegible]. I had had him sent to the Sainte Barbe College in Paris, and, as this was his vacation, I did not like the idea of leaving him in Paris by himself.

There is something very strange and fairy-like about the Russian nights in Summer. They are as light and clear as broad daylight. When I came out of the theatre, I never felt inclined to go to bed. It seemed a shame to waste anything so rare and lovely as these white midnights.

I took a villa on the Islands. Certain islets in the Neva, close to St. Petersburg, are roughly the equivalent of the Bois de Boulogne. They are [illegible] ghin, Krestrovski and Petrovski, and they are covered with pretty villas with gardens, restaurants and night-cabarets, where gipsies play and sing. The villa I had was on Krestrovski. It was an old, rather romantic-looking house, standing a little apart, and utterly lacking in comforts, but attractive for all that. It consisted simply of a drawing-room and dining-room on the ground floor, one bedroom on the first floor, and one for Betty on the second. My brother had to sleep in the drawing-room. He could hardly be called a very efficient guardian for me, since he slept so heavily that you had to shake him soundly before he awoke. The whole house might be despoiled before he was aware of anything unusual. But the villa had a night watchman with one eye, whom they called Bornik, and who lived with his wife Masha in a cabin a hundred yards off.

One night after the show I went back to the Islands with my dancing partner Aragon and one of my musicians, Gramenia, who lived five minutes' walk away from my villa. The two left me as a rule at my own door, and went on their way a little farther; but tonight I happened to say to them:

"Come up for a minute and have something to drink."

Old Masha opened the door to us, in a state of agitation.

"Gospoja! Gospoja!" she cried, throwing up her arms. "There is a burglar in the house!"

"You've been dreaming, Masha. You're a goose."

"No, Gospoja, I'm not a goose! I'm frightened. Oh, I'm frightened!"

I asked Betty, my maid, what had happened.

"I haven't heard a thing," she said; "I fell asleep waiting for Madame, and Masha woke me up, half out of her mind with terror."

"Come upstairs with me," I said to Aragon and Gramenia. "You take a candle each, and I'll have the revolver."

There were always one or two loaded revolvers in my house then; the revolver was an integral part of Pirievski's existence. When we got upstairs, the two men with their candles, and I with my revolver, we found the bedroom window open and saw a man searching about the garden. It was old Bornik. He called out to us:

"I saw him jump out of your window. I ran, but I couldn't catch him up. All I could make out was that he seemed well-dressed."

We were all considerably alarmed. I begged Aragon and Gramenia to stay the night at the villa, and they remained to give us confidence. Under my bed, I found a handkerchief with the initial "B."

All this disturbed me and made me very nervous. I thought of a man called Borozoff, the son of a high Russian official, and, by all accounts, a rather queer character. Quite lately, he had looked very closely at my jewelry, and asked me details about my villa, the number of my servants, and so forth, with an insistence that now seemed to me suspicious.

The very day after this alarm, Borozoff came to see me in my dressing-room at the theatre. He talked of this, that and the other, and managed to bring in the "fact" that he had been away from St. Petersburg the night before, and was going to Moscow in a day or two

Freval, the secretary from the Embassy, was there. I asked him, when Borozoff had gone away, whether he did not think his manner had been strange and rather nervous. Freval said the same idea had struck him. Then I told the story of the night before, suspicions and all.

"Hush!" whispered Freval. "Don't tell a living soul what you've just told me. If you are rash enough to breathe a word, you'll probably find yourself expelled from the country."

Then he told me that Borozoff was already known to have stolen more than once, but that no one dared accuse him openly because of his powerful father.

Ten days later, Pirievski came back to me from Moscow. The first thing he said as he came in was:

"I've had my purse, my watch and my lovely little miniature of you that I always carry stolen in the train."

I asked him who was in the carriage with him, and he told me he had traveled back with Borozoff. Of course I exclaimed: "It is Borozoff who has robbed you

Pirievski was quite indignant.

"You must be mad! You women—what will you say next? You don't hesitate to blurt out the most dangerous things. You've no right to compromise people in this way—it is disgraceful."

I knew I was right, but I saw it was no use to insist. I shall have occasion to speak of this good Borozoff a little later.

When I came to the end of my engagement at the Summer Theatre, and had to go back to Paris and begin rehearsals, every day there were arguments with Pirievski. He did not want me to go

"Absence should never be borne by two who love each other, Ninette. One never knows what may come between us. I'll pay your forfeit, my Ninette. Don't leave me!"

I loved Pirievski deeply, but even for him I couldn't give up the whole of my career as an artiste. We had terribly painful scenes every day, but I did not give in

The day before I was due to leave a more violent and bitter disagreement than all the others suddenly broke out. We both said some of the harsh and wounding words that one cannot repress, but that one regrets as soon as they are uttered. He reproached me for not being willing to sacrifice my "vanity," as he called my artistic future, for his sake; I reproached him for being too much under his wife's thumb to pluck up the courage to come with me.

We became more and more unkind to one another, partly because the grief of our approaching parting had unnerved us, and partly because each resented what seemed the other's obstinacy. We were half crazed with grief, obstinacy and anger.

At last the die was cast! It was decided. I was to leave for Paris the next day and Pirievski for Moscow that very evening. We glared at each other like two enemies who have hatred between them. We were more like bitter adversaries than lovers

Then, suddenly, the miracle happened. For one second—one of those wonderful seconds when two souls reach out towards one another—our eyes met, held each other, went deep and looked into each other's heart; then all the ardent love we still felt broke its bounds, and overflowed as it had never done before. We rushed into each other's arms and knew the frenzy of those whose entire beings are blended in a passion almost beyond earthly strength.

Pirievski did not go back to Moscow and his wife. We left for Paris the next day together.

In Paris we lived in the dual selfishness of a wholly absorbing passion. We used to dance together a great deal, and as soon as we entered the restaurant the orchestra would strike up the "Otero March" that [illegible] dedicated to me. The gipsies, too, always played my favorite airs. I sometimes danced alone, but more often with Pirievski, who loved to put me through the acrobatics of the valse renversee. But never, never must I dance with any other man, or even glance [illegible] me. If I did, he at once hastened to pay me back in kind, and then there were frightful scenes, and we tormented one another with every refinement of unkindness

One night he chose to find cause for jealousy in my conduct and proceeded to devote himself ardently to another woman who was pretty enough goodness knows. It was the usual game. I [illegible] high state of nerves [illegible]. He was in a shocking temper. Since neither of us wished to be the first to make it up, we both remained hostile and dumb. As a rule, one or other of us soon realized that it was a stupid business altogether, and not worth while. That night, however, we both kept it up relentlessly.

We arrived in front of my house, the Villa Dupont. I got out and rang the bell. Pirievski then addressed me with ironic politeness

"Good-night, sleep well.

He then ceremoniously kissed my hand and left me. I was dumbfounded, but I took care not to let him see it

Betty was waiting up for me, and seemed surprised to see me alone. To prevent any comment I said

"Monsieur is not well tonight [illegible]

(Continued on Page 18)

# The Blue Chair

### by Florence S. Howard-Burleigh

## An Unusual Story of a Woman Who Lost Love and Then Regained It.

**Complete in This Issue.**

SERENA stopped before the window of the second-hand furniture shop [illegible].

She would have known that old chair anywhere. She had sat opposite to it for [illegible] to be mistaken. [illegible] the shop where Miss [illegible] years ago.

Serena went into the shop with [illegible] sense of excitement.

"That blue chair in the [illegible]," she [illegible] breathlessly.

The little man who came forward [illegible] her out of the shadows.

"That? That's a good chair, that [illegible]. Best spring upholstery, and two lovely loose cushions."

"I know," said Serena. "How much?"

"Fifteen dollars," said the old man, and was amazed [illegible] be paid it without question. He spent the rest of the day calling himself a fool for not asking more.

Serena gave him her address and went home to wait till she could welcome the blue chair.

It was like Mae Sutton, she thought, to get rid of the chair in which Mae's aunt, Margaret Ellis, had spent most of the last years of her life, dictating from its blue depths to Serena, the books which had made the money Mae was now spending lavishly.

Serena had been Margaret's secretary for some years, ever since she left college, such happy years at first.

Not so happy though after Mae [illegible] in on that [illegible] November day when Gordon Sutton was having one of his long [illegible] with Margaret and Serena.

Gordon Sutton. Looking back, Serena realized that it was neither Margaret nor her work that [illegible] those years so happy. She knew now that the [illegible] her days had [illegible] from Gordon Sutton.

Two or three times a month he had [illegible] a tall grave [illegible] that hung softly [illegible] on the air like a [illegible].

He was the book man for half-a-dozen papers, put out a talk on the [illegible] a week, went everywhere, [illegible] everyone.

He had come first to interview Margaret about her forthcoming book, and had stayed, as so many people did, to cultivate her friendship.

He adored Margaret and her work alike. He told her so one day, and she had answered that with her usual [illegible] sincerity: "I know. I'm terribly lucky. People are so kind. Sometimes I'm almost [illegible]."

She was always so humbly, gratefully certain of her luck. The hip trouble that kept her a prisoner between the blue chair and her bed never seemed to her to alter the fact that she was a fortunate, happy woman.

She was like a [illegible] to life in her own luminosity.

Her friends were few; but they were real. She had neither time nor use for acquaintances. [illegible] frothy aspects of modern life passed her by [illegible].

The younger generation found her difficult. She could not understand their sense of values if they had one.

She saw one or two of them now and again. Her niece, Mae, brought a friend, occasionally; some bright young thing, anxious to impress future gatherings with the announcement that he or she had actually met the elusive, much-discussed Margaret Ellis. But they were not a success. There was always something lacking in the mental and spiritual contacts.

Gordon's occasional contributions to the social life of the household were more successful. But then, he chose carefully.

For a year or so he seemed to accept Serena as merely a part of Margaret's background. Then, one afternoon, there was a question of a new book [illegible] Margaret.

It was raining. Gordon smiled across the room at Serena.

"I'll drive you if I may. We can [illegible] back in twenty minutes."

"Yes, do, Serena," said Margaret quickly. She did not run a car herself [illegible] conscious that she was too chained [illegible] for the expense to be worth while.

So Serena went, thrilled by the little trip, combed out the shelves till she got what she wanted, and went home again with Gordon.

A few days later he came again.

"I've got tickets for a good lecture," he [illegible]. And to Margaret, pointedly, "Couldn't you possibly? There must be some way."

She shook her head, smiling, and a touch of [illegible] came into her eyes.

"Why not take Serena? She has a [illegible] chained to me always."

[illegible] said Serena [illegible] protest. But [illegible] and except for that [illegible] in Margaret's eyes [illegible] aware all [illegible] of what he was at [illegible].

After that [illegible] of a film, the first night of a play [illegible].

Margaret insisted on giving Serena a new evening frock, a lovely thing of soft, flowing green satin, with silver threads in it and a silver gem-studded belt. She got so much obvious fun out of choosing it that Serena stopped protesting.

When they went out for the evening frock's first airing, Margaret looked after them a little wistfully.

"Dear things! I shall lose a darling secretary. But they ought to be very happy."

* * *

THEY ought to have been. They probably would have been if Mae had not [illegible] one early evening when Gordon brought [illegible] play.

Mae was [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] and as hard, looked up from the [illegible] with mocking eyes that were [illegible] as Mae had them.

[illegible]

Serena was [illegible] currents that she [illegible] rather [illegible].

"No. I'm afraid [illegible]. My aunt is only here for two days. [illegible]."

"How [illegible]," Mae spoke to Serena, but looked at Gordon. "If I were me I would put off my dinner like a shot [illegible] anything to see that show."

A trifle [illegible] by the unusual twist of events, he answered that [illegible].

"Why [illegible] a second-hand [illegible] Miss Lang."

"I should love [illegible]." There was no [illegible] in Mae's voice. "I'll phone and say I have a [illegible]."

*Mae, a Highly-Colored, Flashing Little Humming-Bird, Exquisite as a Jewel and as Hard, Looked Up From the Sofa.*

She laughed softly and [illegible] home to change.

* * *

THEY were married a few months after, and Gordon himself could never have told you how the thing happened. Mae knew, but she wasn't telling anyone. You don't cultivate a technique as perfect as hers and give it away for [illegible].

Miss Ellis and Serena knew what was [illegible] of course. He came less and less to see them [illegible] and uncomfortable. He offered Serena no [illegible].

Miss Ellis said nothing. There was nothing really to say. But she plunged into a new book with a savage fervor that kept Serena hard at [illegible] hours a day. Perhaps she knew that work was the best possible anodyne for the girl whose eyes looked as though they were sinking to the back of her head.

They were married in April, on a wind-swept, sun-kissed day, and Serena had to go to the wedding, and to see Mae coming down the aisle on Gordon's arm to those triumphant, heart-breaking strains.

* * *

MARGARET ELLIS was singularly alone in the matter of relatives. It was tacitly understood that Mae, youngest and nearest of the few scattered folk [illegible]

[illegible] for three years [illegible] the shadows in Gordon's [illegible] the east surprising that Mae inherited the house and $10,000 a year.

A good many people [illegible] that it was luck for Gordon [illegible] Young Mrs. [illegible]

[illegible] Miss Lang [illegible] of course I [illegible] longer. Naturally your record with my aunt is a recommendation in itself and Mr. Sutton and I will [illegible] for you in the [illegible] of references [illegible]

[illegible] as if she had [illegible] for the convenience [illegible] Margaret's [illegible]

[illegible] to a boarding house at ten dollars a week. She had just about enough to keep her for a month.

But she had not been at the boarding house three days when a letter came from Gordon, a business-like typed affair.

"Dear Miss Lang:

"My wife asks me to add the enclosed to the salary she paid you, up to the date of your leaving. She intended to send this sooner, but in the press of affairs, as you will understand, she forgot it. We both feel that your devoted services to her aunt demand some such recognition.

"I do not know if you have found a new post yet. [illegible] to suggest that she might like to [illegible]

[illegible] spoke [illegible]

Pinned to the letter was a check for $200. Serena kissed both signatures like a fool. She knew exactly how [illegible]

She went [illegible] very [illegible] Margaret [illegible] $200 [illegible] make it perfect was a really good armchair. And now the [illegible] chair that [illegible] affection [illegible] her to relax in its comforting depths.

She was, she felt, as happy as [illegible]. The ache at her heart was still there, but she was learning to ignore it; to thrust it into the background.

It was only when she saw Gordon that [illegible] acute again; Gordon and little Bernice, who [illegible] at her with Gordon's eyes, beguiled her with Gordon's smile, touched her with Gordon's hands.

Bernice [illegible] was not getting a [illegible] as she might have [illegible] a prize [illegible] in every [illegible] of the [illegible] and [illegible] frequently. She never [illegible] that $200. [illegible] guessed [illegible] Mae began [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] phoned Serena [illegible]

"I [illegible] you [illegible] hour or [illegible] many [illegible]."

"Of course [illegible]," said Serena [illegible].

After [illegible] Mrs. [illegible]

[illegible]

*Bernice, His Worldly, Precocious Bernice Was Leaning Against Serena at the Piano.*

[illegible] Mae [illegible] look at you [illegible] I [illegible] have [illegible]. And Gordon's perfectly [illegible]. He [illegible] everything."

"I [illegible]," said Serena, [illegible] very [illegible].

After that, if Mae happened to be in need of any small service she always rang Serena. And Serena always went, although that old agony that was so near ecstasy always woke again.

* * *

SERENA heard a good deal of literary and semi-literary [illegible] at her publishers who were now [illegible] Gordon's book, a book of critical essays which was creating a certain amount of [illegible]. Serena heard their [illegible] she was [illegible].

"[illegible] Sutton," said the [illegible].

[illegible] That was the [illegible].

[illegible] her ears [illegible]. And the [illegible] carry her [illegible].

[illegible] and Serena was [illegible].

* * *

A DAY [illegible] back to [illegible] everything of Gordon's [illegible] to hear [illegible] everything he said or [illegible].

Remembering what he had been like when she had first met him, [illegible] the life into which Mae had forced him, she could not be surprised. It was like seeing [illegible].

* * *

SERENA was [illegible] stockings with a [illegible] pair of scissors on her knee [illegible] that she [illegible]. It was only when she [illegible] the last [illegible] that she began to search.

[illegible] she got up and [illegible] of the chair. [illegible]

"[illegible]." After the fashion of people [illegible] she spoke aloud.

Then a thought struck her. She thrust her hand [illegible] and the [illegible].

With [illegible] things the scissors [illegible] the [illegible] of their retreat [illegible]. She grasped [illegible] her finger and extracted [illegible].

This time she [illegible] not only the scissors but a [illegible] which [illegible] of any chair.

She [illegible] the scissors and felt again for that other [illegible].

[illegible] she stared at it. Her mind in a [illegible]. A long envelope [illegible] of Margaret's envelopes of the kind in which Serena had been accustomed to dispatch her smaller [illegible].

She had [illegible] of dream. It was a year now since Margaret [illegible]. But in a flash she saw Margaret as [illegible].

[illegible] from the [illegible].

[illegible] before she [illegible] her [illegible].

[illegible] to penetrate [illegible] Serena.

"[illegible] Serena Lang [illegible] devotedly I bequeath [illegible]."

[illegible] personal legacies to [illegible] Margaret [illegible] And then a footnote.

[illegible] Mae Sutton [illegible] last few years [illegible] a degree which I can [illegible] that money in her hands [illegible] for the [illegible] I hope that in the hands of Serena Lang [illegible] be an instrument of happiness and welfare to others."

* * *

THE will [illegible] and bore the signatures [illegible]. Serena sat there for a long time with the [illegible] in her hands, trying to realize the fact that Margaret's house and Margaret's money [illegible] to her, Serena Lang.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the home of [illegible] Gordon came to keep an appointment with his publisher and sat in her office waiting, while the senior partner got rid of a [illegible] author.

[illegible] of papers [illegible] her eyes rested [illegible]

[illegible]

* * *

FOR [illegible] was in prospect. And [illegible]

They [illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])

"MIRACLE WHIP'S DELICIOUSNESS IS CERTAINLY HARD TO DESCRIBE. I'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH TEMPTING FLAVOR IN ANY OTHER DRESSING"

# *Millions prefer this flavor "that is different"*

### An entirely new type of salad dressing . . . *exclusive with Kraft*

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

***Spring-Medley Salad*** [illegible]

### *No skimping of costly ingredients here!*

[illegible]

Miracle Whip
Salad Dressing
A NEW KIND OF DRESSING CREATED BY
KRAFT-PHENIX CHEESE CORP. GEN. OFFICES-CHICAGO

HEAR THE KRAFT MUSIC HALL PROGRAM,

# MIRACLE WHIP SALAD DRESSING

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF "PHILADELPHIA" BRAND CREAM CHEESE

# Unblushing Confessions of a Famous "Gold-Digger"

(Continued from Double Page)

come in. [illegible] one [illegible]

This [illegible] M[illegible] [illegible] into my [illegible]

Betty, as usual, [illegible] on knowing [illegible] she [illegible] to bed. As soon as she had gone, I opened the window, in case Pirievski had come back and was waiting for some such signal as had happened once or twice before. But the street was empty and deserted. He had not returned.

I was disappointed and aggrieved. Where was he? I was vexed with myself for letting him go. I shut the window, and began to undress, looking tenderly at the child on my bed, and moving very softly, not to disturb her lovely slumbers.

I had taken off all my jewelry and laid it on a strip of velvet on my dressing-table. All of a sudden I seemed to notice a disagreeable smell in the room. It was rather like a whiff of acetylene. I could not bear it. I took a scent sprayer, and vaporized the air.

I must have made some carelessly violent movement with the sprayer, for it flew out of my hand and smashed against the mantelpiece. As I stooped [illegible] up the pieces I [illegible] the bed and [illegible] that a man lay there!

[illegible] I [illegible] but I [illegible] get up and [illegible] the dressing-table and took out my revolver. [illegible] shot the thief. Then I opened the window and shouted for help.

The man was wounded in the [illegible] but he crawled out from under the bed. I fired at him again as he passed [illegible]. He got to the window and jumped out of it. [illegible] and the two revolver shots had been heard by a neighbor, Baron de Rochefort, who ran after the man and captured him as he was trying to get away.

In very little time all my household and all the neighbors were on the spot. We had the thief up before us and he confessed that he had taken the opportunity of coal having been brought into the house to follow the coal porters and hide himself in the coal-cellar. A ghastly knife which gave me goose flesh was found under my bed.

I had a narrow escape indeed and if I had been murdered by the burglar it would have been all Pirievski's fault, going off as he had and letting me go in alone. Betty and I and the child spent the rest of the night at a hotel and I never entered the house again.

Next day, when he heard what had happened, Pirievski threw himself on his knees and begged my pardon. We settled to go together to the South of France while the servants broke up the establishment. I sent the child back to her mother by Betty and Pirievski and I installed ourselves at the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo.

After the [illegible] of the Villa Dupont, we tumbled straight into the comedy of Monte Carlo.

During our [illegible] I [illegible] up [illegible] of the most [illegible] scenes which [illegible] perpetual drama, a [illegible] between tragedy and farce. From the very [illegible] of [illegible] scenes of [illegible] at [illegible] exasperated by our jealousies, scenes took place four days out of seven that ended in our falling exhausted in one another's arms.

One evening, I was waiting for Pirievski in the lounge of the hotel, when I suddenly caught sight of the Grand Duke Gregory. He came up to me at once, kissed my hand and was most attentive. Pirievski saw us talking together. Instead of joining us he turned on his heel and went straight up to our rooms again. I saw that a "scene" was on its way. I hastily said good-bye to the Grand Duke and went to find my exacting lover.

It was a man full of concentrated fury that I found. My perfectly innocent few words with the Grand Duke were enough to exasperate him, and he spoke to me with quite revolting brutality. I told him to go to the devil. I had had enough of such treatment, and I could not go on living such a life—it was unbearable.

He was not used to hearing such home-truths from me. Beside himself with fury, he actually gave me a violent blow. That was too much. There was a revolver on the table—as I have already said, Pirievski always had a revolver somewhere about. I seized it and pointed it at him meaning merely to give him a fright. I had no intention whatever of firing, but the thing went off. The bullet grazed Pirievski's sleeve, went through the partition-wall and broke a mantel-mirror in the next room, where someone was peacefully dozing. It sounds an improbable story but it is true, and Fleury, the manager of the hotel, remembers it well. The poor man's bed might have got it, instead of the looking-glass.

All the hotel was roused. There was a dreadful scandal. The procurator, or the Commissioner of Police or whoever it was, summoned me to appear before him and threatened me with expulsion from the country.

"I like that!" I told him. "Why don't you go for the person who is responsible for it all? Here he attacks me, strikes me in the face, and leaves loaded revolvers ready to my hand, and you accuse me! This is really too much!"

Fleury came and gave his evidence in my favor, and the incident closed without further mishap.

All our scenes were not quite so dangerous for the other guests as this one, but all were full of agitation. Pirievski and his revolver became quite celebrated at Monte Carlo. The famous Prosper Montague, then chef at the hotel, reminded me quite lately of an occasion on which he came up to our room. I had sent him to see if he could give us certain 'Supremes de Soles Otero' that he had invented for me. Pirievski with his habitually watchful air was handling a revolver. Keeping the corner of one eye upon him, poor Montague's first idea was to get out of the room as quickly as possible and put the door between himself and his rather formidable customer.

After one more reconciliation and one more big loss at the tables we went back to Paris where I installed myself at 29 Avenue Kleber, a house that Pirievski [illegible] for [illegible] But [illegible] soon [illegible] new quarters. We [illegible] and we [illegible] but [illegible] each other [illegible] fury.

A number of [illegible] the day [illegible] when Pirievski was forced to [illegible] another journey to [illegible]. He wished to take me with him, but it was impossible because of my rehearsals for the Folies-Bergère. After endless hesitations, doubts and fears he made up his mind to go alone.

How many oaths I had to swear! Poor Pirievski! How happy we could have been if he had had a less brooding, exacting nature. And yet, who knows? The human heart is a mysterious thing; perhaps I should not have loved him so much if he had been different. It is the unique mixture of faults and good points that make up the charm of any man and his particular seductiveness. It is impossible to say. If he had not been like this or that, we should have been less unhappy. Perhaps we should not then have loved at all.

One night quite a [illegible] of us [illegible] I had just been [illegible] and [illegible] the table [illegible] when I saw that a man [illegible] at me [illegible]. He [illegible] his place [illegible]

[illegible]

I [illegible] at him [illegible] amusement. He was extravagantly ugly, with a [illegible] pock-marked face, but with a kind of latent fire in his expression that made him almost as attractive as he was plain. I gave him a little smile in return for his compliment, and this encouraged him to join us and introduce himself. He was a Brazilian of the name of Sertori. It turned out that he and one of our party had [illegible]

(Continued on Page 27)

THE GREATEST BOOK of knowledge in the world is a scrap-book containing the Biblical, scientific, art, hygienic and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. Why not start one for home and school use?

**Mercolized Wax**

KEEPS YOUR SKIN YOUNG

• [illegible] single cream contains [illegible] your skin needs to [illegible] Wax [illegible] the [illegible] of your skin.

**Use Saxolite Astringent**

A REFRESHING, stimulating skin tonic. Dissolve it in witch hazel. Smooths out wrinkles and [illegible]. Refines large pores. Eliminates oiliness. Prevents blackheads. *At all drug and department stores.*

DOUBLE SAVING
*For Wearers of*
FALSE TEETH

Next time you need [illegible]

SO THAT'S WHERE YOU GET THAT MARVELOUS SPAGHETTI, IS IT?

BRIDE REVEALS ALL!

Husband finds why he eats like a millionaire

*at 3¢ a portion!*

THREE things make Franco-American Spaghetti a life-saver for [illegible] limited budgets. First, [illegible] that hungry young [illegible] for more. Second, it [illegible] concentrated nourishment [illegible] you need only a salad [illegible] dessert for a [illegible]. Third, it costs so [illegible] can usually costs [illegible] and it holds three or [illegible] less than 3¢ a portion.

*What one woman tells another*

Franco-American is no ordinary, ready-cooked spaghetti. One taste of its tangy, cheese-and-tomato sauce, with its subtle blend of eleven delicious, savory ingredients, will con[illegible] right away. Good cooks [illegible] that Franco-American tastes better and costs less than buying all [illegible] ingredients and uncooked spaghetti and making it at home. And, ready to heat and eat, how it does save time!

Of course an important reason why more and more women are using Franco-American in their daily menus is because it is so nourishing. It supplies plenty of protein to build bones and tissues, plenty of carbohydrates for quick energy.

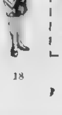
Franco-American is grand for making meals out of leftovers, too! The tempting menu below is one of dozens of inexpensive combinations that taste so good—but be sure they're made with Franco-American Spaghetti!

**DELICIOUS THRIFT DINNER**

Panbroiled meat balls
1 can Franco American Spaghetti
Buttered beets
Cottage pudding with tart fruit sauce
SERVES 4 . . . COSTS 60¢

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

*The kind with the extra good sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups*


MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE RECIPE BOOK? SEND THE [illegible]

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.
Dept. 15, Camden, New Jersey
Please send me your free recipe book [illegible] Spaghetti Meals
Name (print) ____________
Address ____________
City ________ State ________

*New Shampoo Startles the Country With Its Beautifying Results*

IMPROPER WAY
Hair dull, covered with cloudy film

NOT SOAP—NOT OIL

*Works Miracles in Making Hair Gleam!*

It's no wonder women everywhere are raving about this amazing, new [illegible] shampoo—no wonder one trial converts them for life! For it gives [illegible]

few drops and instantly you get a glorious, billowy lather—five times more lather than soap in hardest water. Lather so [illegible]

flakes of dandruff [illegible] proved by [illegible]. Women who have used [illegible]

Half & Half Makes ONE Swell Smoke!
LUCKY STRIKE
HALF
No Bite!
No Bite!
Still no Bite!

Springtime brings new hope, new cheer. So does Half & Half. Cool as a letter that looks like a bill. Smooth as discovering a check is enclosed. Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Cool and smooth. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

Copyright 1937, The American Tobacco Company

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

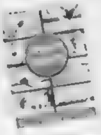
HALF AND HALF
The Safe Pipe-Tobacco
FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

© 1937 by [illegible]

# WHEN ONE GREAT FLAVOR GREETS ANOTHER

HELP!
LIFE GUARD
"I JUST REMEMBERED WE'RE HAVING SHREDDED WHEAT AND STRAWBERRIES FOR LUNCH!"
"AN' WHY DIDN'T YE SAY IT WAS SHREDDED WHEAT AND STRAWBERRIES YE WAS RUNNIN' AFTER?"
"WHAT D'YA MEAN—FALSE ALARM? IT'S SHREDDED WHEAT AND STRAWBERRIES!"
"PARDON ME, I ALMOST FORGOT MY SHREDDED WHEAT AND STRAWBERRIES!"
"SHREDDED WHEAT AND STRAWBERRIES, YOU SAY? WHERE?"
"EH! SHREDDED WHEAT AND STRAWBERRIES? WHY THE HECK DIDN'T YOU SAY SO?"
"BETTER ORDER EARLY! THIS GREAT FLAVOR TEAM IS SELLING FAST!"

And remember — Shredded Wheat is packed with vital food essentials. You get carbohydrates, proteins, mineral salts and vitamins in just the balance nature herself prescribes.



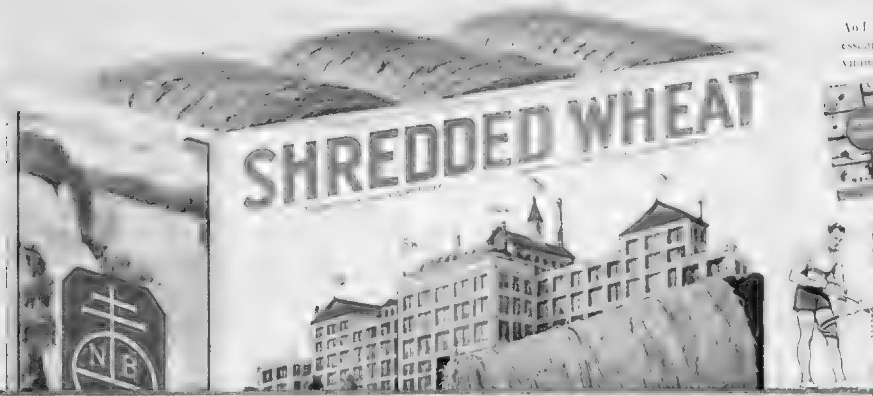
## BOYS! SEND FOR THIS AMAZING BOOK— "SPORTS SECRETS"

[illegible] to help improve your game [illegible] football, tennis, track, swimming, etc. [illegible] Don't miss this sensational book. [illegible] Coupon below shows how to get book.

HURRY! DON'T WAIT!
SEND THE COUPON NOW!

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
[illegible] New York
[illegible]

Name
Address
City [illegible] State



A Product of
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

[illegible]
MORE THAN A BILLION SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUITS SOLD EVERY YEAR

# *P[illegible] P[illegible]* C[illegible] L[illegible]

**Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.**

C[illegible] [illegible] Walter [illegible] Reno [illegible] Carter [illegible] Whickett [illegible]

"I'll get Miss Lind's signature on that contract if it can be done," swore Carter. "It may take weeks, Mr. Hoffmann, but I believe I'll get it."

## CHAPTER XX.

### Confusion

CORINNE [illegible] Walter [illegible] kiss her.

"Are you [illegible]?" he [illegible].

"No [illegible]," she [illegible]. "But you and they [illegible] she [illegible] they [illegible] you [illegible]."

He laughed with relief. "Why, of course not. I'm sorry [illegible] frightened you. The men with me had a [illegible] gun and they tried only to warn the boys that we meant business. The [illegible] field is not far from the gate and we headed them off."

"Then they are [illegible]"

"They're [illegible] to the house for a little conference," he said grimly. "Dr. Hatchbrand [illegible] to do anything [illegible] like this [illegible] for cheap publicity! Tell me who advised you, who persuaded you to listen to such a scheme?"

She pushed him away from her slowly, and stared at him.

"Who 'advised' me, who 'persuaded' me? Why, heavens, do you think [illegible]" Her voice had a hollow ring of pain and disappointment. "Could you think for a minute that I—that I came here of my own accord?"

He laughed uncertainly. "Of course I'm glad you did. I'm glad you came, whether you wanted to or not. This chap, Whickett, said [illegible]"

"Do you believe that that man [illegible]," she cried resentfully.

"Why, I don't know what to believe. He seems to think it was [illegible] quite a harmless joke—it was merely to appear after you had [illegible] so [illegible] that [illegible] kidnaped [illegible] or that you had [illegible] can [illegible] which [illegible] her [illegible] was [illegible] found a [illegible] [illegible] are [illegible] the way [illegible] too. I [illegible] here to head them off with a detective who came to me in Reno last night. He didn't know definitely that you were here, but he told me about your hat being found on the [illegible]. He is [illegible] who has been hired to [illegible] you for your own protection [illegible] he seems to know all about Whickett.

"You've got to get me away from here," Corinne [illegible] fiercely. "I won't have it. I won't be found here by prying newspaper men. I won't have them saying I [illegible]. I [illegible]"

She [illegible] again.

"Of course I'll get you away," he promised soothingly. "We'll fly away anywhere you say. We can hop over to Salt Lake City. The people from Reno can't possibly [illegible] come [illegible] up [illegible] telephone [illegible] that tell them you [illegible] right. When the reporters [illegible] there'll be no one [illegible] to have done at all."

She was hurried into obeying [illegible] the [illegible] of the other [illegible]. She [illegible] and she [illegible] tears.

Her affairs were [illegible] a more tragic mess than ever; that was all. A few minutes ago she had been so palpitantly happy; it had been a [illegible] of [illegible] hope [illegible] these [illegible] sickening [illegible] back precisely where she had started.

He had not come to save her. He had come to save his own reputation. He had thought her a cheap trickster, using his name and his friendship in a plot to glorify her [illegible] name with despicable "publicity." And she was a cheap trickster—that and nothing else.

He drove with one hand on the wheel and with the other he sought to clasp hers reassuringly. But she drew her hand away. She was wholly dispirited.

"I—seem to have hurt you," he said gently. "I am dreadfully sorry. I don't understand; there has been so much confusion and excitement. I don't mean [illegible] anything. I can't begin to guess how you really feel [illegible] me. Just now you seemed [illegible] the things you said."

She bit her lip to keep it from trembling. "Whatever you [illegible] about me," she said, "[illegible] it isn't true that I came here to [illegible] to trick you to make you come."

"Oh, of course I don't [illegible] that now," he exclaimed. "I can see it was all the work of this schemer Whickett. I'm sorry I said anything to hurt you. I love you. Can't you see that I [illegible] in spite of anything you have ever said or [illegible] to me? And I want to ask you once more [illegible] take you away from all this [illegible] claptrap and [illegible]. Let's fly to Salt Lake City [illegible] and be married [illegible]. Then we won't care what they say [illegible] anybody says or thinks [illegible] marry me, Anna [illegible] today."

They had reached the house and had stopped in the driveway. She turned [illegible] to tell him everything, no matter what the consequences.

[illegible]

[illegible] I know you were [illegible] Mr. Wallace. I know your [illegible] as Carson. But what do I care for all these [illegible] about you? It's you I love [illegible] the actual person who is sitting here with me, not your reputation. Heaven knows, I wish you'd never seen a studio!"

The other car drew up behind them. What was the use?

She shook her head dismally. "I can't m-marry you, Walter. But if you'll fly me to Salt Lake City I'll be [illegible] much obliged. I [illegible] want to [illegible]"

Walter said glumly, "Very well [illegible]"

[illegible] When [illegible] to S[illegible]

Corinne [illegible] by [illegible] that she was only [illegible] that [illegible] Mr. Gaff [illegible] Walter [illegible] Reno. And the other [illegible] Reno.

The [illegible] Zip Carter had thrown them off the track [illegible]

[illegible] to know the [illegible] of Steve Whickett, however [illegible] without much effort [illegible] learned [illegible] of Whickett's plans to go east after the [illegible] of Corinne [illegible] message that Whickett was the [illegible] behind the abduction. Learning that Walter Gay [illegible] Reno [illegible] that Walter's plane was out at the airport [illegible] Walter [illegible] the [illegible] trip to the ranch [illegible]

Corinne [illegible] to hurry to telephone Zip Carter in Reno and she [illegible] to hear all the [illegible] of her publicity [illegible] Whickett's attitude was [illegible] defiance. If they wanted to [illegible] trouble for him he [illegible] plenty of trouble [illegible] City, and for the others to drive away at once [illegible] reporters at [illegible] that [illegible]

[illegible] Walter [illegible] "You ought to [illegible] in person for that [illegible] as much as [illegible] you will!"

The [illegible] to Reno. She was [illegible] the room when the call got through.

Zip Carter was in his hotel room, for he had not yet arisen.

"This is Corinne," his caller told him, and [illegible] guarded as much as she could.

Carter popped [illegible] crackled [illegible]

(Continued on Page 22)

# Will your scalp stand the "FINGERNAIL TEST?"

There are tw[illegible] dandruff [illegible]

[illegible] Wildroot [illegible] N. Y. [illegible]

FREE 60¢ WILDROOT INSTANT SHAMPOO WITH PURCHASE OF WILDROOT HAIR TONIC

LIMITED TIME ONLY! [illegible] free [illegible]

WILDROOT Hair Tonic

# SWEET AS HONEY

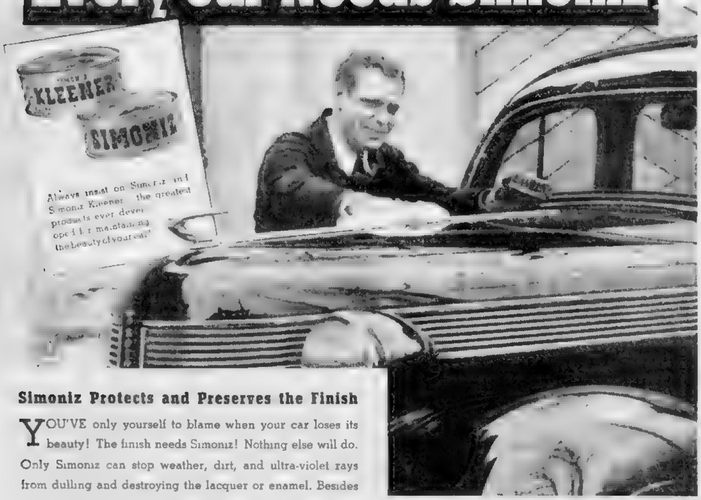
It took 400 years to make a pipe that's sweet on the first smoke. Yello-Bole [illegible], starts like a well-seasoned pipe. And the honey curing keeps it sweet. Special [illegible] supplies [illegible] con- denser. The best pipe you can buy for $1. Nothing else has its flavor.

$1

YELLO-BOLE

THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

# Every Car Needs Simoniz


KLEENER
SIMONIZ
Always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener . . . the greatest products ever developed for maintaining the beauty of your car.

**Simoniz Protects and Preserves the Finish**

YOU'VE only yourself to blame when your car loses its beauty! The finish needs Simoniz! Nothing else will do. Only Simoniz can stop weather, dirt, and ultra-violet rays from dulling and destroying the lacquer or enamel. Besides giving permanent beauty, Simoniz preserves the finish, prevents fading, and makes your car easy to keep clean.

The sooner you Simoniz your car, the better. Do it today! Get Simoniz and the easy-to-use Simoniz Kleener . . . follow the few simple directions . . . and your car will not only sparkle like new again, but it will stay beautiful for years!

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

*Uniformity*

FULL 3 LBS. OF QUALITY

BLUE RIBBON MALT

*America's Biggest Seller*

*Brush Away*

GRAY HAIR

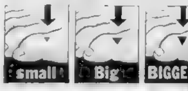
AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

[illegible]

READ THE AMERICAN WEEKLY regularly — there's no other magazine like it.

# WATCH OUT!

CORNS COME BACK BIGGER — UGLIER UNLESS REMOVED ROOT* AND ALL



**Wonderful Root and All Method Relieves Pain—Removes Entire Corn**

HOME paring merely affects the surface of a corn and it means the risk of serious infection—even blood poisoning. For a corn goes so deep [illegible] with home paring it is [illegible] the root remains imbedded in the toe.

That's why millions of people everywhere are using the new Blue-Jay medicated plaster. By removing the pressure, all pain is relieved quickly. Then [illegible] the entire corn [illegible] Root and All (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application).

Blue-Jay is easy to use. Held [illegible] in place with special Wet-Proof adhesive, it can't stick to [illegible] won't make shoes tight. Get Blue-Jay today and escape painful corns [illegible] dangerous home methods [illegible] for a package of 6 at all druggists.

BLUE-JAY

BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

*A [illegible] in form and [illegible]

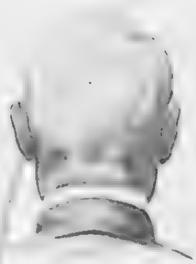
HIS FACE WAS A SIGHT!
MY SKIN IS SO ROUGH AND PIMPLY, DAD.
CUTICURA IS JUST THE THING FOR THOSE EXTERNALLY CAUSED BLEMISHES
NOT LONG AFTER
GEE, MY FACE IS CLEARER ALREADY CUTICURA SURE HELPED ME.
AND DON'T FORGET! KEEP RIGHT ON USING CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT EVERY DAY TO HELP GUARD THAT GOOD-LOOKING COMPLEXION

For FREE sample, write "Cuticura" Dept. 39, Malden, Mass.

# Have You *Eyes that Dream* of the "good old days"?

**EYES that dream**

Eyes—set deep and well apart beneath wide temples which protrude slightly over the eye. Brows well developed but refined (not bristling or coarse). Tear ducts conspicuously prominent. Glance calm, steady, expressive. The eyes of the true idealist—the dreamer.



**EARS that won't listen to high whiskey prices**

Ears—large, masculine, capable, but set snugly against head. [illegible] extending high toward upper crown. [illegible] full and fleshy. Ears of a worldly, vital type, yet keen, cool and calculating [illegible] who will not squander [illegible] to satisfy his desire.

**A good hunter's NOSE**

Delicately chiseled [illegible] by ample nostrils which [illegible] and tense. A capable nose, expert at scenting aromas, and quick to ferret out value.

There's no need for you to dream of the "good old days". Just taste this *"Double-Rich"* straight Bourbon made by old-time Kentucky distillers in the heart of the Bluegrass. *Taste it!*

A 90 proof whiskey *with the Mark of Merit*. Made in Kentucky by old-time Kentucky distillers the good old Kentucky way. Ask for it at your favorite tavern.

SCHENLEY'S

## Cream of Kentucky

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

**LOSE WEIGHT**
WITHOUT DRUGS OR LAXATIVE SALTS
The Approved DIETENE WAY
[illegible]
USE DIETENE JUST ONE WEEK
[illegible]
**DIETENE**
1½ Ounce Size $1
Good Housekeeping Bureau
Name
Address

# Proxy Princess

Clinton [illegible]

(Continued from Page 20)

[illegible]

"I shall do nothing," [illegible] apathetically, "until I see you tomorrow."

"Right, Corinne."

So that was that.

[illegible]

[illegible] you don't [illegible]

[illegible] ready to [illegible] Corinne and Walter to the landing field.

Fifteen minutes later they were [illegible] aloft in Walter's cabin plane, climbing steadily up and up, till Walter's thousand acres [illegible] dwindled to a Japanese garden, and [illegible] the formidable mountains [illegible] and peaks in a sea of mist.

Corinne had never flown before, but she was not afraid. She was too miserable for fear.

## CHAPTER XXI.
### New Contract.

THE lounge of the private car of Anna Lind, parked somewhere on a siding in the vicinity of Salt Lake City, was the setting of a familiar scene.

There was business of Mr. Zip Carter, with the air of an extremely harassed man, striding up and down, chewing a cigar and tearing at, if not actually tearing, his [illegible] hair. He alternately waved [illegible] at [illegible] from a newspaper [illegible] on the table or flung it [illegible] across the room.

He shouted at Eunice Vernon and Jessie Stratford.

Walter Gaylord's Lips Moved as Though He Were Tempted to Speak to Anna Lind—But His Eyes Narrowed and He Said Nothing

"Out of one bath of [illegible] and into another [illegible] the [illegible] of the great god [illegible] after going through all [illegible] through the woman's [illegible] could work that way."

"It wasn't her fault, Zip. I'm trying to [illegible] When that ship [illegible] the airport yesterday there were forty-five newspaper reporters and photographers there. They were [illegible] How the [illegible] knew they were coming I can't tell you."

"I can," said Jessie Stratford crisply. "That venomous Whickett. He wired every paper in Salt Lake City just for spite or just to protect himself if he were ever accused of the kidnaping. He wanted it to appear that Anna Lind had really eloped with Gaylord."

"All right," snarled Carter, "maybe he did wire the papers. But is that any excuse for the girl to let Gaylord announce to the reporters that he is going to marry Anna Lind and that she is through with the screen forever?"

"She didn't let him, you nut," cried Eunice. "I've been trying to tell you for half an hour. Gaylord got her through the [illegible] of reporters and cameramen as quickly as he could and tried to keep them from taking pictures, but he couldn't. He put her in a taxicab, begged the reporters not to follow and annoy her, and promised if they wouldn't he would stay and make them a statement himself."

"Yeah, he made them a statement all right," fumed Zip. "They had it all cooked up to get married and leave us in the lurch, and by gosh, they certainly did." He groaned aloud. "If I could only get hold of that [illegible] Anna [illegible] her hide. I won't be personally responsible for the [illegible]"

"Not so loud, Zip," hissed Eunice. "Gunther and the others will hear you, back in the dining-room."

"Well, I don't care if Hoffmann hears himself. He [illegible] thing he wants to [illegible] with a [illegible] for Lind."

"But Zip," pleaded the secretary, "please grab yourself by the collar and quit barking. I'm trying to tell you something. We're not sunk yet. The girl hasn't married Gaylord, and she isn't going to. She's furious with him for telling the reporters that. He doesn't even know where she is."

Zip's frown relaxed as he grasped at the meager hope. "Well, where is she? Can you tell me that?"

"Certainly I can. I've got her tucked away in a little furnished apartment under the name of Alice McMahon of Omaha."

Carter heaved a breath of relief.

"Well, why didn't you say so? Why didn't you bring her here?"

"And set all the news hounds snapping after her again? Don't be silly. The kid has [illegible] she [illegible] She's crazily in love with this flying bankroll Gaylord, but she won't even see him or let him know where she is now for fear of doing something to hurt Anna Lind. She hasn't left you in the lurch. She's ready to do anything you tell her to do."

Carter was [illegible] for a [illegible] "We'll [illegible] up wrong," he [illegible] "How can I tell? I've heard nothing from you [illegible] since you set out to look for her, and all I knew was what I saw in the papers. And now what [illegible] nervous [illegible] 'What in the name of [illegible] Frost are [illegible] to [illegible]'"

"Do nothing for a while," [illegible] Eunice. "[illegible] in those Anna Lind has [illegible] from the screen [illegible] Hollywood think so, it'll do no good."

Carter argued shortly. "Hoffmann's back there in the dining-room now, waiting to see me with tears in his eyes and a contract in his pocket. I'll give odds on that. If I had the real Anna Lind here for her signature [illegible] her lazy eyebrows [illegible] Why do you know?" Zip clutched his hands [illegible] "this kidnaping [illegible] is the swellest publicity break any star, dead or alive, ever got on this dumb planet. Two hundred and thirty-six million lines of front-page space—that's about all it [illegible] New York [illegible]"

[illegible] Whickett [illegible]

"They [illegible]"

There was a tapping at the door.

"It's [illegible]," said Zip. "He [illegible] to cry on my shoulder."

[illegible] by some miracle he expected to find the missing Anna Lind there.

"Mr. Hoffmann," he said with bated breath, "the [illegible] he can't [illegible]"

Carter gestured wearily. "Well, I've got nothing to tell him, but I'll talk to him. [illegible] Eunice and Miss Stratford [illegible] Gunther [illegible]"

"We get you," said Eunice.

Mr. Hoffmann, the M&W vice president, pompous [illegible] and [illegible] strain under which he had been laboring. He was taut as a piano wire.

"Have you heard nothing, Carter, nothing at all?" he asked anxiously.

Carter [illegible] "Nothing that [illegible] Mr. Hoffmann. [illegible] from her [illegible] only confirms what Gaylord told the newspapers yesterday. She's going to marry him and chuck her contract."

Hoffmann's face fell.

"Where is she? [illegible]"

"Or [illegible] To tell you the honest truth, Mr. Hoffmann, I don't know [illegible] where she is. She doesn't want me to know. For all I can say to the contrary, she may be flying away with Gaylord now on her honeymoon."

Mr. Hoffmann groaned. "Carter," he lamented, "you know where [illegible] let me talk to her [illegible] to see me, just for ten [illegible]"

Carter shook his head. "She [illegible] want to see anybody, Mr. Hoffmann. She doesn't want to [illegible] She won't even see [illegible] manager, that's how [illegible] she is."

"[illegible] for her she [illegible] Carter." The genial [illegible] which Mr. Hoffmann had always used before [illegible] contracts with his [illegible] was totally absent now. Mr. Hoffmann was close to genuine grief. "She will listen to me—she must listen to me."

"If it's a matter of business—" said Carter, tentatively.

"Of course it's a matter of business. You know perfectly well it's [illegible] to speak of throwing her career at the [illegible] that fool and his money—and at a time like this!" Mr. Hoffmann was frankly staggered by the thought. "At a time when her popularity has reached its most stupendous—."

Mr. Hoffmann paused out of sheer caution, for his excitement was running away with his trading acumen.

[illegible] New York yesterday," said Carter [illegible] for her [illegible] about it."

[illegible]

[illegible] We have no [illegible] Carter, [illegible] that's why I want to see her. [illegible] what I want to explain.

[illegible] contract [illegible] three official-backed documents which he shuffled excitedly. "The old contract was made under totally different conditions."

[illegible] happened to be a director who was being courted by rival interests. You were [illegible]

"Oh [illegible]" [illegible] Hoffmann [illegible] to Carter. [illegible] It says nothing about her [illegible] She [illegible] Marx Brothers if she wants to. Take a [illegible] at it."

Carter [illegible] Then he all but swooned. Only a diffidence born of his long years of poker-faced negotiation with hard-hearted horse traders kept him from throwing his arms around the neck of Mr. Hoffmann.

[illegible]

"Will I urge her?" jabbered Carter. "Say, Mr. Hoffmann, I get a cut out of that—I don't have to tell you. Do you think for a [illegible] second that I want to lose her?"

"You're not even trying to jockey for more money?"

[illegible]

"[illegible] Mr. Hoffmann, but I [illegible] get it."

"You seem anxious to confront a [illegible] of a [illegible]"

[illegible]

"Yes, that [illegible] easily. It was Gaylord who [illegible] the papers she was [illegible] the screen for good. [illegible] be a celebrity's husband."

"I'll see [illegible] too," promised Zip. "[illegible] every argument I can think of. Just give me a day or so, Mr. Hoffmann, and don't rush me."

"But can't you arrange for me to see her, Carter? I know she will listen to me. I feel sure I can influence her."

"I'll see about that," evaded Carter. "But you [illegible] for the time being. I know that [illegible] better than anyone [illegible] I've got to [illegible] side [illegible] If [illegible] She won't see you. She'll refer you back to me. And everything will be [illegible]"

Mr. Hoffmann departed, [illegible] reassured.

Zip Carter gave him time to drive off in a taxicab, then he shot from the private car himself. He rushed to a telephone office where, to insure himself greater privacy, he used a booth for a series of calls to New York.

It was late afternoon when he returned to the private car, disheveled and steaming with haste. He found Eunice Vernon there.

"Get the [illegible] girl," he ordered breathlessly. "We're leaving tonight, the first [illegible] connection, to New York."

"Why, what's happened, Zip?"

"Lind is back, or will be [illegible]"

(Continued on Page 23)

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is the world's most interesting magazine—it has to be to be interesting to more than 5,500,000 families

A marvelous new sponge [illegible]
GET THIS AMAZING SPONGE FREE with every pint can of No.7 DUCO POLISH
[illegible]
This polish is made by du Pont, creators of "Duco" and "Dulux" [illegible]
Now we offer, for a limited time, a Du Pont Cellulose Sponge (regular 25¢ size) FREE to everyone who buys a pint can of No. 7 Duco Polish [illegible] du Pont chemists [illegible] Dealers [illegible] supply. Get yours WHILE THEY LAST!
[illegible]
GRIME DOES NOT PAY . . . USE No.7

RESETS BATHROOM FIXTURES
[illegible]
reset bathroom fixtures, loose drawer pulls, fill old screw holes, cracks in floors, baseboards, repair furniture, etc. [illegible]
Use Genuine PLASTIC WOOD

AT YOUR 5 and 10¢ STORES
CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS 10¢
INSTANT RELIEF From CORNS
10¢
CRO-PAX PRODUCTS
CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS

For Tantalizing ITCHY SKIN Make this FREE Test
Peterson's Ointment [illegible]
[illegible] stores [illegible]
FREE SAMPLE [illegible]

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is the mightiest of magazines

ALWAYS FELT RUN DOWN
A TRUE EXPERIENCE [illegible]

GUESS THAT'S WHY I FEEL SO ROTTEN, CHIEF
ALL RUN DOWN, FEEL GONE? BAH! I KNOW IT'S TIME TO ENO-IZE. I ALWAYS TAKE ENO WHEN I HAVE THAT [illegible] NO A HEADACHE, OR A COLD [illegible]

HOW ENO HELPS YOU
[illegible]

LATER
I'VE BEEN DOING A GREAT JOB LATELY, A.J.
CHIEF, I'VE FOUND THAT A LITTLE ENO [illegible] IN THE MORNING HELPS TO KEEP ME FEELING FIT! AND SAY—ENO TASTES GREAT!

YOU'LL LIKE ENO
the pleasant-tasting
alkalizing laxative

SKIN BLEMISHES CONCEALED!
NOW! [illegible]
PIMPLES
[illegible]
Hide-it [illegible]
CLARK MILLNER CO. [illegible] Chicago

FEET ITCH?
Watch Out—It May Be "Athlete's Foot"
[illegible] Dr. Scholl's Solvex [illegible]
Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

# Proxy Princess

[illegible]

(Continued from Page 22)

[illegible] there. I've got a line on [illegible] at last. She sailed from [illegible] a week ago [illegible] on what [illegible] they're not quite sure. If I [illegible] she was there now I'd [illegible] air express, but I think [illegible] better play safe and have the [illegible] with us."

"But Zip, what's the big rush?"

He [illegible] her sketchily and not [illegible] of the new con[illegible].

"And what about Corinne? Shall we tell her it's all over [illegible] that there isn't going to be any more of the tour?"

"No, tell her nothing until we get under way," snapped Carter. "We don't want her mixing up with that boy Gaylord—we may need her for a few days longer. We'll pay her for what remains of the term we engaged her for, of course, and something extra for all the [illegible]. But go get her [illegible]. Bring her to the car after dark and we'll shake this town before something else happens."

"Something has already happened," put in Eunice, perturbed. "Fred Jones is back on our trail. He's in town—he was here at the car half an hour ago. He's foaming at the mouth—he demands [illegible] what we've done with his girl."

"That [illegible]!" Carter swore [illegible]. "I'll kill him. If [illegible] is up again at the last [illegible] I'll brain him, so help [illegible] if such a thing is possible. [illegible] numbskull to keep his shirt on for three more days and [illegible] can have his girl—and won't I say goodby when he gets her!"

"But he's gone out to look for Walter Gaylord, Zip. He swears he's going to tell him all about [illegible] that Corinne isn't Anna Lind at all and we've just been making a [illegible] out of Gaylord."

Carter stared. "Great guns, we'd better stop him, then! If [illegible] gets to the newspapers [illegible] us sky-high." He [illegible] his hat again. "I'll [illegible] look for him. You get the girl and I'll get this [illegible], dead or alive! I'll [illegible] him and take him [illegible] New York on this car [illegible]."

"[illegible] can't do that, Zip—[illegible]. He's got to call [illegible] roofing trade."

"[illegible] the roofing trade. I'll give him a [illegible] myself." And Zip dashed for the door.

Two hours later, well after [illegible], he returned with his quarry. The car was already in process of being switched from its [illegible] to be coupled onto the New [illegible] train.

[illegible] Fred Jones, sullen and incredulous, in the dining room while he went aft to make [illegible].

"What [illegible]?" he cried, encountering Eunice Vernon.

[illegible] gestured significantly toward Drawing Room A. "In there," she said. "All ready to go back home."

"[illegible] in her grief, eh?"

"[illegible] her grief is right. You [illegible] the gloom with a knife."

"[illegible] maybe her favorite [illegible] cheer her up."

"Is he going back to New York with us?"

"Only as far as Denver. He just wants to talk to her, so he can be sure I'm telling him the truth."

"[illegible] find Walter Gaylord?" asked [illegible] anxiously.

"[illegible] I [illegible] up on him." Zip [illegible] significantly. "He's out of the picture. I phoned the [illegible] they [illegible] had [illegible] his plane [illegible] west."

"He [illegible] really sure this [illegible]," Eunice.

"I hope he is."

[illegible] "Oh well—it's good to be on the go again, Zip. I feel that we're moving to the end of our troubles."

"[illegible]," hissed Carter. "[illegible] ask your girl [illegible] if she wants to talk to her [illegible]. We'll give them [illegible] can tell each other [illegible] the weather."

## CHAPTER XXII.

### Anna Lind Returns

I[illegible] a de[illegible] who bade [illegible] next day at [illegible].

"[illegible] well, anyway," he told [illegible], "at last it looks as if there's a little hope for me. I [illegible]. You'll get over all this, [illegible]. I'm glad you're going home—it will help you to get back to normal."

"I'm not glad and I'm not sorry," said Corinne listlessly. "[illegible] why we're going [illegible]. I suppose I've failed. I've failed at—everything."

Fred squeezed her hand. "Don't talk like that, honey. You haven't failed at all. You've been a wonderful success. You've put this thing over marvelously. And I'm sorry if I got things [illegible] up for you once or twice. I didn't mean to. I wouldn't have told that Gaylord fellow anything even if I had found him. I just said that when I lost my temper. I thought they were hiding you from me—I wanted to see you myself to be sure you were all right."

"Yes, Fred—I'm sure you'd never do a thing to hurt me."

He paused. "Do you want me—that is, if I should run across him—would you like for me—"

She shook her head. Her eyes were suffused with tears, but there was no tremor in her voice when she replied. "No, Fred. That's the squarest thing you ever offered to do. But please don't say anything to him, ever, if you see him. There isn't any use."

He looked at her oddly. "You mean you can't afford to see him again, as long as you're 'Anna Lind'?"

"As long as I'm Anna Lind—or Cinderella. It's just as hopeless, either way. I'm going back to work, Fred. I'll see you at the office—when you come back. And maybe, as you say, I'll get over this. I'll be myself again. I'll come down to earth."

She kissed him goodby swiftly, for porters down the platform were crying "All aboard!"

She was frankly crying as the train moved slowly out and she stood at the rear door of the car, waving at him.

Good old, faithful Fred.

"Don't mind me," she said when Eunice Vernon put an arm around her. "I'm a silly, sentimental little fool. I always cry when people g-go away or when I go away. I can't help it."

"You're a marvelous little sport," murmured Eunice. "You've taken it on the chin, and we want you to know that we all admire you for it."

"I haven't been a sport. I've been a softie and a coward. I haven't even obeyed orders. I deserve everything that has come to me. I brought it all on myself. I played with fire—even after Mr Carter had warned me. I got you into all this trouble. I ruined the whole tour."

"Hey—cut!" admonished Eunice. "What is this—a meeting of the Self-Condemnation Society? Listen—do you know why we are going back to New York?"

"Yes. Because I spoiled everything."

"You're daffy. We're going because Anna Lind is back."

"No!" cried Corinne.

"Yes!" And we've got to see her in a hurry because you've almost trebled her salary."

"I? What—"

"You. All these misadventures you've been going through have made her just about worth her weight in platinum. If you'd given young Gaylord the go-by in the first place he'd never have followed you around trying to see you. And Steve Whitsell would never have thought of a bright idea to kidnap you [illegible] dear old publicity's sake and take you to Walter's ranch. And if Walter hadn't announced to the world that he was going to marry Anna Lind and that Lind was giving up her career, Mr Hoffmann and his Hollywood brothers never would have thrown their money bags at us. Don't you see, honey? You've been a gigantic success."

Corinne could not quite comprehend it all and Eunice explained more fully.

"I don't care, he had no right," said Corinne slowly, "to tell everybody that he was engaged to Anna Lind after I made it perfectly clear to him that I [illegible] that she could never—"

"Oh, well now, don't hold that against him," interrupted Eunice with a chuckle. "Perhaps he had his reasons—reasons that have never occurred to you. I can think of one very good one."

"What?" asked Corinne unhappily.

"Why, to save Anna Lind's reputation. Perhaps he doesn't know that a star's reputation doesn't need saving—it just needs salving."

"I don't understand."

"Why, it's plain as the dimple in your chin. The newspapers told the world that Anna Lind had eloped with Walter to his ranch, letting everybody believe she had been kidnaped—and then that she had flown with him, unchaperoned, to Salt Lake City. Can't you see how his mind worked? If you were engaged to be married to him it would all seem like a perfectly regular and excusable stunt. But if it were all just a hoax for cheap publicity—"

Corinne looked startled and then she looked unhappy again.

"I see—perhaps you're right. It was just a 'gallant gesture.' He [illegible] He [illegible] out [illegible] disgusted. If he had cared he would have tried to see me again. But he didn't, even though I left a message for him at the hotel telling [illegible] where he could reach [illegible]."

That was news to Eunice. "You did, eh? Oh well, perhaps he didn't get it. You'll hear from him again—you'll hear from him soon. And then you won't be Anna Lind any longer. You will be yourself and you use your own judgment. I'll tell him myself where to find you."

"No, please, I don't want you to," begged Corinne.

Eunice patted her hand. "You're a funny girl. You have queer ideas."

"It's not so queer [illegible] to have pride."

"I don't know, dear, you see I've never really been in love. And pride—"

"I've been paid," burst out Corinne, "to make him think I was somebody else. And the person he really cared for was that somebody else. And I'd rather he never knew that I tricked him for money."

"I take off my hat to you for feeling that way. I never could. But cheer up, it'll all come out in the wash."

There was nothing more to say about it and nothing more was said. The [illegible] of [illegible] travel settled on the private car.

Zip Carter got off the train whenever there was a long enough stop to permit it, and telephoned New York. But his agents there had seemed unable to get any more definite information as to the whereabouts of Anna Lind.

She was supposed to have sailed on one of three vessels that had left various European ports within the past ten days, but two of these ships had already docked at New York, and if Anna Lind had been a passenger on either, she had been able effectively to conceal that fact. She was of course traveling incognito.

As an aftermath of the kidnaping, the newspapers were printing various fancies, theories and false reports concerning the star. It was reported that Walter Gaylord had flown to Hollywood and this lent color to a rumor that Miss Lind was in hiding somewhere in California. Mr Gaylord had been waylaid by countless interviewers and had refused absolutely to say anything for publication.

Corinne saw none of this in the papers. She did not seem inter[illegible] newspapers or anything [illegible].

A day and night of travel brought the private car next to St. Louis. And then there came news of Anna Lind [illegible] with [illegible].

[illegible] at the first [illegible] the St. Louis [illegible].

[illegible]

Anna Lind—or a person believed to be an impostor—had applied for a marriage license in [illegible] near New York.

She had not obtained the license [illegible] under the law and newspaper [illegible] of the app[illegible] had exposed her as a [illegible].

She had given the name of [illegible] V. Brock.

Reporters, knowing that Vera Carlson was the real name of Anna Lind, had immediately suspected that "R. V. Brock" was Rudolf Von [illegible] that Vera [illegible] the Far West [illegible] had been unable [illegible].

(Continued on Page 24)

She thought her CHILDREN were GROWING AWAY from her–

Her [illegible]

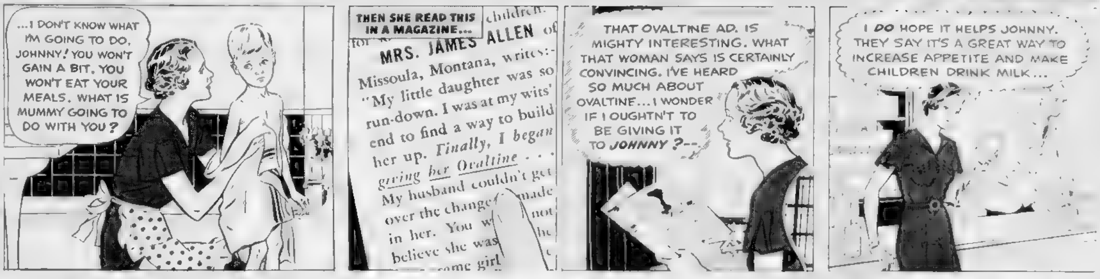
**Don't Offend**

[illegible]

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

**LISTERINE**
CHECKS HALITOSIS (BAD BREATH)

JOHNNY HADN'T GAINED IN MONTHS
..."MY GOODNESS, JOHNNY! YOU'RE WAY UNDERWEIGHT!"



...I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO, JOHNNY! YOU WON'T GAIN A BIT. YOU WON'T EAT YOUR MEALS. WHAT IS MUMMY GOING TO DO WITH YOU?
THEN SHE READ THIS IN A MAGAZINE...
MRS. JAMES ALLEN of Missoula, Montana, writes: "My little daughter was so run-down. I was at my wits' end to find a way to build her up. Finally, I began giving her Ovaltine . . . My husband couldn't get over the change [illegible] made in her. You w[illegible] not believe she was [illegible] same girl
THAT OVALTINE AD. IS MIGHTY INTERESTING. WHAT THAT WOMAN SAYS IS CERTAINLY CONVINCING. I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT OVALTINE... I WONDER IF I OUGHN'T TO BE GIVING IT TO JOHNNY ?--
I DO HOPE IT HELPS JOHNNY. THEY SAY IT'S A GREAT WAY TO INCREASE APPETITE AND MAKE CHILDREN DRINK MILK...

JOHNNY DRINKS OVALTINE REGULARLY... GAINS WEIGHT
GRACIOUS ME, JOHNNY, I WOULDN'T HAVE KNOWN YOU, YOU'VE GROWN SO SINCE MY LAST VISIT.--AND YOU'RE SO MUCH HEAVIER, TOO--!
IT'S BECAUSE I'VE BEEN GIVING HIM OVALTINE, MOTHER. HE LIKES IT, AND IT HAS GIVEN HIM SUCH A BIG APPETITE...
LOOK AT MY MUSCLE, GRANDMA–

**If your Child won't eat—is underweight—**

. . . see if adding Ovaltine regularly to his diet won't give him a better appetite and add to his weight.

Thousands of mothers of finicky underweight children have reported these results from Ovaltine.

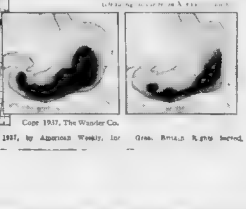
The way Ovaltine acts to accomplish these results is as follows:—

1. It adds to the diet the "appetite" vitamin—Vitamin B—which is necessary to appetite.

2. It helps starchy foods like bread [illegible] the stomach. [illegible] more [illegible] is [illegible] It [illegible] easier [illegible].

So [illegible] Ovaltine [illegible] helps in many [illegible] and weight. Results [illegible].

[illegible] grocery and drug store. [illegible] size can



(At left)
X-RAYS at left show one was Ovaltine [illegible]. Stomach at left is half-full 2 hrs. after a meal of starch. Other stomach in same period, is almost empty. That's because *this* stomach was given Ovaltine *with* the starch . . . When the stomach empties sooner, hunger *returns* sooner!

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OVALTINE
The Swiss food-drink—now made in the U. S. A.

# The Blue Chair

An Unusual Story of a Woman Who Lost Love and Then Regained It.

By Florence S. Howard Burleigh

(Continued on Page 16)

than ever, and his work went down. Two weekly papers stopped publishing his articles.

Except for brief spells when [illegible]

Serena [illegible]. It was the first [illegible] at home [illegible]

"Yes [illegible] was a caught [illegible] half a sob.

"Serena, Mae's gone to ... gone away. She's not well. And there's no one but servants to be with [illegible] could you?"

"I'll be [illegible] at six" said Serena.

"[illegible] I don't know when I shall be [illegible]. But you you'll see [illegible]."

"Of course," said Serena, wondering what had put that bleak cold note into his voice. Somewhere, far away, a receiver clicked into place, and shut her away from the voice that was the very breath of her life.

She told the senior partner, and he looked at her oddly.

"Better clear off early," he said, gently. And then, as she turned away. "Seen the evening papers, Miss Lang?"

"No." She turned back, wondering.

He handed her a thin sheet, folded at the late flash column. Dizzily, only half comprehending, she read:

"Mrs Gordon Sutton, wife of the well-known author and critic was seriously injured in a motor [illegible] this morning. Her companion, Mr Denis Harmer [illegible] fatally [illegible]. Mrs Sutton's condition is reported to be serious."

Serena looked up from the [illegible] words and met her [illegible] eyes.

"Oh, poor [illegible]!" she [illegible] that she had said the words.

"Yes. I suppose you know [illegible] about [illegible] for months. [illegible] killing Sutton."

"No. I didn't know. I haven't seen them lately." She stood there fingering the paper aimlessly.

"Get along. Do what you can. If you can't get away tomorrow I understand. I like Sutton [illegible]."

M[illegible] she half smiled at him. "So did I."

* * *

MAE SUTTON died that night. Gordon stayed to bury what was left of the broken wreckage. He was like a dead man, as he stood, almost alone at that graveside, on a cold windy day, with a sharp rain thrashing his face.

It was a purely automatic impulse that took him home, afterwards, to the house that had been the grave of all his hopes; of all his dreams.

He let himself in, and a wave of emptiness seemed to greet him.

The hall was empty and the little study, and the drawing-room — that intolerable monstrosity of blue-green and silver, which Mae had [illegible] of Margaret's room.

And then, from somewhere [illegible]

[illegible]

* * *

H[illegible] the nursery [illegible]

[illegible] Serena [illegible] the piano [illegible]

* * *

I[illegible] months before he dared ask Serena to marry him. He knew how the tongues of the world would wag.

When he did ask her he was [illegible]

[illegible]

"What's all this about a small flat? Not that I mind, but why."

He scowled at something in his memory.

"Mae's money. I'd rather make my own. We can manage, can't we?"

"Oh, I think so." [illegible]

[illegible]

and stood twisting it in her hands. [illegible]

[illegible]

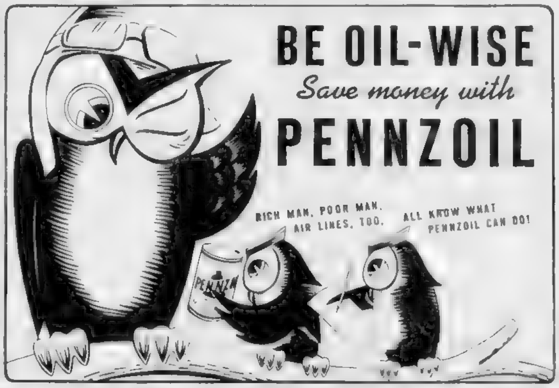
* * *

M[illegible]

You can almost see t[illegible]

[illegible]

The End



BE OIL-WISE
Save money with
PENNZOIL

RICH MAN, POOR MAN, AIR LINES, TOO. ALL KNOW WHAT PENNZOIL CAN DO!

# Proxy Princess

by Clinton Lowndes

(Continued from Page 23)

Zip Carter sprinted half the length of the train with the newspaper bearing these tidings. In the lounge of the private car he exploded like a bunch of firecrackers.

"Get your things together in a hurry, Miss Travis," he said [illegible] at Cottage. "We're flying to New York."

"Why," [illegible] "On the first ship out of St [illegible]."

"Why, what's up, Zip?" cried Eunice Vernon sharply.

He gave her the newspaper and jabbered explanations while she tried to read it.

"After all our troubles, the ant-brained, anemic, myopic sister of a false alarm has to do a thing like this! Can you tie it, I ask you — can you believe it?"

His voice rose in shrill, indignant lament. "When the newspapers are shouting all about her being on the other side of the continent she steps up to a license window, by heaven, and tries to get married! Why couldn't she marry him in Europe, the sap?"

"But Zip, she did try to do it secretly as Anna Carlson," defended Eunice.

"Secret? Who said it was a secret?" roared Carter. "Everybody who can read English knows her real name is Carlson."

"But why — what's the use of flying to New York now? What's the use of hurrying Co[illegible] here?"

"To get her out of circulation," bellowed Carter. "There's going to be a merger of Anna Lind's and I'm going to get a night's sleep — that's why! I've got to break my neck getting there now to identify the fair-haired idiot and let her marry her Rudy."

"And her contract — she thinks she's breaking her contract, doesn't she, in marrying von Brock?"

"Yeah- she just thinks she is. Just wait till I show her what I've got in my pocket!"

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### Walter Makes A Discovery.

THERE was no secret about the wedding of Anna Lind, nee Carlson, and Rudolf von Brock, the cinema's most important director of Berlin and Hollywood.

Having been refused a license in a snippy little town where they had hoped to get through a quiet ceremony, they had determined to sail [illegible] as long [illegible] [illegible] day in the largest and noisiest of towns.

Without an invitation or a police card, it was impossible, this high noon, to get within two hundred feet of the Church of the Transfiguration, as the Little Church Around the Corner is sometimes called. The street was so packed with spectators waiting for a glimpse of the bride and groom that special traffic officers had put up detour signs. The bride and groom were not the only persons worth seeing, for all the bright stars and brass hats who could be spared from Hollywood had hastened East for the wedding.

There was a great wave of murmurings of "Ah's" and "Oh's" and more articulate comments as the wedding party and guests emerged from the church.

"There's Norma Shearer!"

"It's Clark Gable, I tell you."

"Oh, there's Marion Davies. Isn't she sweet!"

And then there were excited chatterings, a clapping of hands and even cheers as Anna Lind herself came out of the door and through the small churchyard, radiant on the arm of Rudolf von Brock. He was a tall and soldierly man, some years her senior — but nobody noticed him, anyhow.

They hurried through the lane which the police kept open to their waiting car.

A young man somewhat grim of countenance, who had maintained his position just behind the broad back of a policeman at the curb, was almost near enough to touch the bride as she entered her car. His lips moved, as though he had been tempted to speak to her, but his eyes had narrowed and he had said nothing.

He did speak, however, a moment after she had been driven away. He called a name, sharply.

"Mr Carter! Mr Carter!"

Zip Carter whirled and recognized him instantly.

"Well, by George, Mr Gay—" but he mumbled the rest of the [illegible] and shook hands with his characteristic nervous enthusiasm. "Come with us," he sputtered. "There'll be a car here in a second. You know Miss Eunice Vernon — we've been trying to get in touch with you."

"Honestly we have," supplemented Eunice. "How are you?"

"How do you do?" said Walter Gaylord. "I merely want to know one thing, and that quickly — what have you done with her?"

Zip's car drew up and he insisted so volubly that Walter got in.

"You mean — what have we done with Miss Lind?" asked Zip in mock innocence as they drove away.

"That was Miss Lind," said Walter quietly, "who was just married. But she is not the Miss

(Continued on Page 25)

TAKE NO CHANCES with ½ Way Tooth Pastes

"I'll certainly use Forhan's from now on"

Get Double Protection This Way—

[illegible]

new big tube saves you money. Start using Forhan's today. Also sold in [illegible]

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"WHAT DO I USE FOR FRECKLES?

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[illegible]

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# Proxy Princess

### by Clinton Lowndes

(Continued from Page 24)

Lind I want. I'm interested in—the other one."

"You see!" cried Eunice Vernon. "I told you so, Zip—I told her so, too."

"You're not so broken up over the wedding, after all, are you?" suggested Zip warily.

"Where," repeated Walter, "is Miss Corinne Travis?"

"Then you know her name—and everything?" said Carter quickly. "Who told you — did she?"

"No. I am afraid she would never have told me." His voice was shaky. "I might not have known, until it was too late, if it hadn't been for a friend of hers—Fred Jones. A friend of mine, too—I'm proud to say that."

Eunice Vernon gave an exclamation. "Now wasn't that decent of him! When did he tell you?"

"It was after I had gone back to the ranch. I had been looking for her in Hollywood—a Utah newspaper man had told me she was reported there."

Zip Carter interrupted with a diabolical chuckle. "Don't shoot, Mr. Gaylord," he said, "but I was that 'Utah newspaper man.' I called you up at the airport, remember? I told you 'we' had a wire story from Hollywood to the effect that Anna Lind was back there."

"You dog!" cried Eunice Vernon. "And poor Corinne thought all the time he didn't care—he wasn't trying to find her."

"Sorry," said Zip, "but we had to get rid of him—he was too close for comfort. Anyhow, maybe you'll forgive us now, Mr. Gaylord. We'll try to make it up to you. When did you hear from Fred Jones?"

Walter had been scowling, but now he laughed. "He phoned me, long distance, at the ranch. At first he merely told me that if I were interested in Anna Lind, it would pay me to look up a certain Miss Corinne Travis, at a Brooklyn address. But when I insisted, he told me everything. I got here this morning. I flew all the way. And when I landed I found, by gosh, I had left that Brooklyn address in Nevada!"

Eunice howled. "Now, isn't that the absent-minded bridegroom for you!"

"And that's why I came to the wedding—for information."

"Let's go to Brooklyn, Zip, now—can't we?" cried Eunice. "I've got a message for the girl. Anna Lind wants to see her this afternoon at five—and she wants to see Walter Gaylord. The minute I heard from him again, she said, she had to see him."

Walter laughed. "At last—she is willing to receive me!"

"Why, she was simply thrilled to death when I told her about you and Corinne. Say Brooklyn to the driver, Zip—please!"

"Suits me," said Zip, and complied. "I'd like to see Corinne myself. But will she be home now? Isn't she back at business?"

"Say 'Yes, Walter darling'—this minute!"

"Not yet. She said she had decided, after all we put her through, that she deserved a two weeks' vacation."

"Imagine going back to a secretary's job, after the thing she's been doing! I offered to give her a lift in Hollywood, after all this is over, but she wouldn't listen to me. She's had enough of picture people."

"Well, tell me—" began Walter Gaylord.

They told him, all the way to the far reaches of Brooklyn, all there was to be told.

"The funniest thing of all," chuckled Eunice Vernon, "was old hawk-face and his buddy trailing us around. Do you know who hired them—did Anna Lind tell you, Zip?"

"Nope. What was the racket?"

"Believe it or not—von Brock hired them. He paid them to follow Anna Lind all over the continent and 'protect' her. And he was so excited when he saw the real Anna Lind in Paris, that he forgot to call them off—he forgot all about the bill they were piling up. He was too busy persuading Anna Lind to marry him. And she wouldn't, until he had followed her back to America. She decided, all of a sudden, that maybe she'd better marry him after all."

"Pictures!" said Zip with a guffaw. "Show-business in celluloid. A lot of irresponsible nuts running around outside their kernels. I'm telling you, Mr. Gaylord, anything can happen in pictures."

"Anything!" murmured Walter. "I believe you."

The driver had slowed down to look for the number of Corinne's house.

"Well, here we are," cried Eunice. "And will we surprise her!"

Corinne Travis, in dust-cap and apron, had been hanging pictures in the living-room, and changing all the furniture about. She had never been still for a minute, Mrs. Travis had told her reproachfully, since she got back. Her mother at the moment was busy upstairs.

Corinne uttered a squeal of delight when she opened the door and saw Eunice. She hugged Eunice excitedly and over Eunice's shoulder she greeted Zip Carter.

And then she saw—and was speechless—Walter Gaylord.

"We just came to tell you," barked Zip, patting her shoulder profusely, "that Anna Lind wants to see you—you and this young fellow—this afternoon. It's a sort of pre-honeymoon love feast, and 'No' won't do for an answer. Five o'clock at the Ritz Tower, and Mr. Gaylord will bring you. Come on, Eunice Vernon—she says 'Yes'—we've got to get back to New York. Well, goodby, baby, give papa a kiss—and God-bless-us-all-said-little-Tiny-Tim!"

Saying which, he pushed Walter Gaylord into the hall and dragged Eunice out of it, and shut the door sharply.

Corinne stared at Walter, a half-formed smile on her lips and a tremendously joyful questioning in her eyes.

It was a questioning that did not long go unanswered, for he took her in his arms, apron and all, and broke up a dozen sentences with his kisses.

"And now, you double-dyed deceiver," he cried, "you don't have to hide from me any more—but I'm never going to let you out of my sight again, anyhow—you were too hard to catch!"

"But do you—did they?—Oh, goodness, you don't understand—"

"I do understand—everything," he declared, caressing her. "You're not, thank heaven, Anna Lind or any other moving picture star—and I never wanted you to be. You're just the sweetest, decentest, prettiest, cleverest girl that will ever call herself Mrs. Walter Gaylord. Will you—tell me now—I won't let you go until you tell me—"

"Corinne!"

The voice of Corinne's mother came distantly from an upstairs room.

"Yes!" said Corinne.

"Are you saying 'Yes' to me," demanded Walter Gaylord, "or to somebody else? Say 'Yes, Walter, darling'—this minute!"

"Yes, mother," cried Corinne, with a happy little gulp. "I found—j-just the thing—I was looking for!" And she added in a tone that was low but was very earnest: "Yes, Walter, darling—this minute!"

**The End.**

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BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY

## CURTAINS

### By Frederic Arnold Kummer

**A New Detective-Mystery Novel in Which a Chorus Girl Sleuth Solves a Million-Dollar Jewel Robbery.**

## From Hootchy-Kootchy to Strip-Tease

Continued from Page 5)

she was engaged by a cabaret owner to sing ballads. One night, however, something went wrong with her performance and she revolted as a jazz tune came floating her way from across the street. She couldn't make her body behave. She was unconsciously giving an imitation of the Indian dance which the audience promptly called "the shimmy." The climax occurred as she gradually crouched and writhed the upper part of her body as if to shake off evil spirits.

The important feature of the shimmy is that the contortions and shakings are done by the upper half of the torso instead of the lower as in the hootchy-kootchy. It continued popular, especially in burlesque, for many years, some dancers getting startling results by combining it with Hawaiian Hula and its grass skirt.

Then Pearl Regay, who had introduced the fan dance to England at the Victory Ball, brought it to America. It was not like Sally Rand's later exhibition of herself, but a dance of some artistic merit, in which Pearl preened around like a peacock, finally fluttering to the stage with the fan on top of her.

In 1922 came the "Charleston," destined to be the greatest popular dance craze among non-professionals. Ned Wayburn, who for fifteen years directed all Ziegfeld's dances, brought it up from the South and taught it to Bee Jackson. Ziegfeld liked it in rehearsals, but threw it out after the opening night as "too vulgar," but that one night of it was the making of Bee.

The following year, George White put the Charleston in the Scandals. It proved to be the most popular of all dance crazes. During its height, declares Wayburn, he had as many as 1,500 pupils a day taking lessons at his school.

The following year, White, looking for a successor to the Charleston, brought out "the Black Bottom," introduced by Ann Pennington. It also had Southern antecedents and was supposed to be based on the movements of a cow lifting her feet out of the black mud of the Mississippi. But that wasn't all, as interpreted by the imaginative Miss Pennington, it was likewise the writhing of eels, the squirming of worms, the antics of crabs, the flight and pursuit of love-minded fish and the graceful waving of weeds on the muddy bottom.

Each dance had to be done with less and more transparent clothes until finally the point was reached where logically there must be none at all. This jump had to be bridged somehow and Pearl Regay's fans seemed to be the solution.

Sally Rand and Faith Bacon were the leading exponents but, though they had gotten all the vestiges of clothing off their bodies, and into their hands they did not quite dare to lay the fans down.

Then came the strip-tease act, in which the exhibitionist removes one article of clothing after another until at last she stands revealed in nothing at all for a moment before all the lights go out and she makes her exit. Anne Corio claims to have been the first to introduce the strip-tease and to have made most money but Gypsy Rose Lee by vigorous press-agency has run her a close second.

After the strip-tease has become old stuff, what can be invented to outstrip it?

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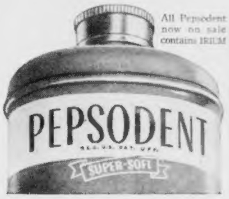

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# Gadgets Prepare Vegetables Easily

*By Mrs. Christine Frederick,*

*The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.*

SUMMER, sunshine and salads are synonymous.

Every housekeeper welcomes the return of hot weather because it brings her an overflowing market basket of crisp, fresh, green vegetables at lowest cost. Both the hot vegetable plate and the cold salad service are daily features of the Summer meal, while the vegetable dish "on the side" may be selected from a wide assortment of both root and green leaf plants.

Yet what more monotonous than a meal-after-meal task of "preparing the vegetables"? Potatoes, tomatoes or onions, carrots, celery or peas, beans, eggplant or cabbage, what a job to make them ready to eat! Thoroughly washed, naturally; but also welcome and appetizing foods must see an almost endless process of being cut or sliced, shelled or hulled, shredded or minced, gouged, grated or garnished.

No wonder the hotel keeps a special pantry-man or cook's helper, since no first class chef would bother with the menial routine of vegetable preparation.

But since vegetables must be made ready for the pot, and uncooked salad greens and materials made safe, clean and shapely for convenient eating, the best thing is to avail oneself of the best and latest tools for the purpose. Often it is because the housewife does not think about it, and so does not make provisions for the job, that it entails too much effort or consumes unnecessary time.

Washing vegetables may be done quickly by the aid of the nozzle-hose connection which fastens on the sink faucet. Provide a large type of strainer with legs, lay the root vegetables such as carrots, beets, potatoes, etc., in this strainer in the sink, and simply "hose them down." Tepid or even hot water will remove sand and earth more quickly than cold water.

Lettuce and similar tender leaf plants are washed best in a globular double strainer or basket, like the French have used from time immemorial. Place leaves in wire basket and immerse into large pan or sink full of tepid water. Plunge up-and-down several times. Rinse in cold water, then set basket on sink ledge to drain, or take outdoors to shake vigorously. This drainer-basket method is excellent for spinach also, since it lifts the leaves up and out of any possible sand or grit.

Let's begin with potatoes: Very useful is the knife having a thin slot in the blade so that, while paring, the peeling may slip through in only a thin ribbon of waste. A small household potato-parer may be clamped to the kitchen table, and will remove thin parings while the potato itself falls into the hopper beneath.

Or, the popular "chip" may be secured by using a special grater which quickly and easily "makes the chips fly" as the potato is moved back-and-forth across a sharp upstanding center blade. For making the deservedly popular "French-fried," there is a special cube-like cutter with sharp edges set in a honey-comb style. The whole large pared potato is pressed down against these sharp-edged cubes, and thus is cut into narrow strips as long as the original potato.

Before turning to other vegetables, a word about a clever gadget which should appeal strongly to those who love their whole baked potato. This is a narrow metal rack made into a slightly curved handle at one end. Small punches into the metal of the rack are lifted up to make six sharp prongs, on each of which a whole potato may be impaled. The idea is to fit the rack with potatoes and slide it into the oven where its small width conserves oven space. When the potatoes are baked, the handle is used to conveniently withdraw the entire rack, hot potatoes and all.

Many uncooked salads depend almost entirely for interest on the attractive appearance of the materials. Thus, a large chunk of raw carrot would appeal to no one, whereas carrots gracefully shredded or sliced are easier to eat and appeal to the eye.

A small new gadget or food friller aids in making any root or sturdy vegetable into quite fascinating frills. The device clamps onto any surface and turns with a small crank handle. Simply slip the vegetable into this friller and it emerges as a thin wafer-like chip or rosette. Good for carrots, cooked beets, knob or root celery and also melons, pears, apples, etc.

Many a housewife has longed ardently for "onions without tears" when she has to prepare a quantity to be used with steaks, for soups, or as salad material. The friller spoken of above will be a boon, because all that is needed is to slip the onion into the friller, and in a moment, without fuss, watery eyes or odors, any onion is reduced to a heap of fine shreds.

Or, she may prefer to use the small onion mincer, a device consisting of a four-bladed little knife mounted on a handle which is inserted through the top or lid of a small glass jar. By placing coarsely-cut onions in the jar, and then operating the knife up-and-down, as in a churn, the onions are well minced, and the odors confined in the jar.

A mechanical pea-sheller is not new, or "news," but this season a slightly perfected model is on the market. This, too, is a table-clamping model designed to be turned by hand. All the housewife has to do is to place a bowl underneath the sheller, insert the pods, turn the handle, and out pop the peas, leaving the pods to fall out at the opposite end.

The mechanical bean slicer is another gadget familiar to some, but deserving of a wider use and recognition. It is a simple little handle-like tool, in one end of which is a circular opening finished in a sharp cutting surface. Insert Mr. String-Bean into the opening with one hand, and with the other hand pull down and out the five thin slivers of sliced bean, which is also automatically "strung" in the process. Rapid, simple, and saving of fingers and nails.

No census man has yet computed the thousands of recipes which include the suggestion to "sprinkle with minced parsley," but the housewife knows that minced parsley is required just about four times out of five. But mincing this green shrubbery takes a lot of hand-chopping, if done the usual way.

The special small parsley mincer shown on most gadget counters looks like a miniature harrow (if you know your farming). By gently rolling this sharp little cutter back-and-forth over a heap of parsley sprigs, presto, like mowing the lawn, the green shavings are ready to sprinkle where the cook prefers.

Slaw cutters are as numerous as the shavings into which cabbage may be shredded. But when using some of them it is often the case that nails and thumbs are as badly "shredded" as the cabbage itself. One of the best models is a handled tool having two sharp metal blades opposed to one another. Press shredder against firm cabbage, and see the even, uniform matchlike strips fly from between the blades.

Another type of grater or shredder consists of a flat oblong of metal punched with perforations of different sizes and in shape much like a thumbnail. By holding the shredder flat on the table, and moving the vegetable across these perforations, the vegetable chips rapidly appear under the grater.

The value of a set of so-named French vegetable "scoops" or cutters has often been brought to the attention of readers. These "scoops" are in graded sizes, and mounted on a good handle. By pressing the scoop into a pared potato, carrot, melon, or other fleshy food, small and graceful balls are obtained which may be cooked, or served according to the type of food from which they were made.

Small balls of carrots, turnips, cucumber, etc., are good-looking and make a fine garnish around various meats. The least size ball is delightful for melons and other fruits, for use in fruit cup and cocktails. Pineapple pulp, for example, may be scooped out with these sharp cutters, and be very attractive as a fruit cup or dessert service.

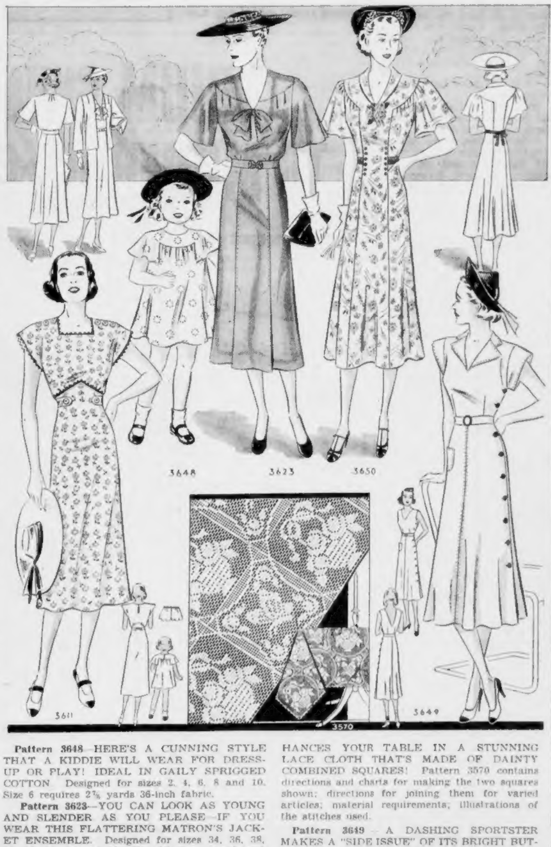
## Requested Recipes

**Pineapple Marmalade:** 1 medium pineapple, 6 oranges, 4 sections of ginger root, 2 cups honey, ¼ cup sugar. Pare and core pineapple, and cut into small wedges. Peel oranges, remove seeds and membrane, and add cut pulp to pineapple. Simmer peel 30 minutes or until tender. Drain, and scrape free of white membrane. Cut into thin strips and add to fruits. Cover ginger root with water and boil 5 minutes. Drain, mince, and add. Add honey and sugar. Cook over low heat 1½ hours, or until thick and clear. Pour into hot sterilized jars, and cover with paraffin.

**Asparagus Supreme:** ½ pound sharp cooking cheese, ½ cup milk, salt, pepper, cooked fresh asparagus tips, bacon strips, fine bread-crumbs. Heat cheese and milk in double-boiler, and season. Lay cooked asparagus on greased shallow baking platter, and pour over cheese sauce. Garnish with small thin bacon strips and crumbs. Place under broiler until bacon is brown and cheese puffy. Serve immediately.

**Flounder or Mackerel Roe:** Do not break the skin. Dip each roe into salted milk, then into finely sifted breadcrumbs. Place on oiled pan or platter and bake in hot oven 15 minutes, basting with neutral oil or lay thin strips of bacon on top before cooking.

# American Weekly Patterns



**Pattern 3648**—HERE'S A CUNNING STYLE THAT A KIDDIE WILL WEAR FOR DRESS-UP OR PLAY! IDEAL IN GAILY SPRIGGED COTTON. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch fabric.

**Pattern 3623**—YOU CAN LOOK AS YOUNG AND SLENDER AS YOU PLEASE—IF YOU WEAR THIS FLATTERING MATRON'S JACKET ENSEMBLE. Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 dress requires 4 yards 39-inch fabric; jacket, 1⅞ yards.

**Pattern 3650**—TAKES A TRIM YOKE-PANEL FROCK TO DRESS UP A YOUNG MISS SMARTLY THESE DAYS. GRAND IN SYNTHETIC OR COTTON. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch fabric, and 1⅝ yards 1-inch ribbon.

**Pattern 3611**—DASHING RIC-RAC OUTLINES FETCHING SQUARE NECKLINE, BRIEF SLEEVES, AND UPRISING SKIRT OF THIS JAUNTY FROCK. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch fabric and 2⅝ yards ric-rac.

**Pattern 3570**—DAINTY FILET CROCHET ENHANCES YOUR TABLE IN A STUNNING LACE CLOTH THAT'S MADE OF DAINTY COMBINED SQUARES! Pattern 3570 contains directions and charts for making the two squares shown; directions for joining them for varied articles; material requirements; illustrations of the stitches used.

**Pattern 3649**—A DASHING SPORTSTER MAKES A "SIDE ISSUE" OF ITS BRIGHT BUTTONED CLOSING. SMART WITH OR WITHOUT THE REVER-COLLAR. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch fabric.

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Norforms melt at internal body temperature, releasing a concentrated yet non-irritating antiseptic film that remains in prolonged and effective contact. This antiseptic—*Parahydrecin*—is found in no other product for feminine hygiene. Norforms are positively antiseptic and non-irritating.

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NORFORMS

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KNOWS HER WAY
AROUND"

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"And plenty of it. I've seen prettier girls and known smarter ones, but Janet will manage nicely with what she has."

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**Harmless to clothing.** You can use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed.* For it's harmless to clothing.

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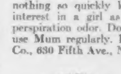
**Doesn't prevent natural perspiration.** Mum doesn't prevent natural perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Remember — nothing so quickly kills a man's interest in a girl as disagreeable perspiration odor. Don't risk it — use Mum regularly. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.



**ON SANITARY NAPKINS.** Use Mum for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

**MUM** TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

# Serve Strawberries in Season

*By Mary Lee Swann,*

*The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.*

ANY housekeeper knows that fresh fruits and berries are the simplest and easiest of all desserts to prepare, and furnish one of the most wholesome sweets. They are at their best when served ripe and in season. All berries should be washed before they are served.

Turn the berries out of the container and spread them on a platter and keep in the refrigerator until they are to be used. Then pick them over carefully, wash and drain. They are usually hulled but are sometimes served with the hulls on, and dipped in powdered sugar when they are eaten.

The strawberry is a versatile fruit, lending a delicious and sprightly flavor to many dishes and adding an interesting color note to the table. Ripe berries are wholesome if properly prepared. They provide just the degree of acidity that the jaded appetite seems to crave in the Spring. In mid-Spring the markets begin to display tempting berries from a number of States and they are very cheap in many places. They vary in quality and price. North Carolina's annual Strawberry Festival in the lowlands of the State show the dignity achieved by the delicious little fruit when it is treated with respect and intelligence.

### Strawberry Dessert.

HULL and wash 1 quart ripe berries. Press through fruit press. Sweeten to taste and bring to boiling-point. Chill. Many people who can not eat fresh berries find them harmless when eaten in this way.

### Strawberries in Hull.

PACK powdered sugar into small timbale molds and turn out into the center of small serving plates. Carefully wash berries and dry well. Place in a circle around the sugar and eat with the fingers.

### Fresh Strawberry Dessert.

HULL and rinse 1 quart ripe berries. Arrange in a bowl in layers with a little sugar between. Add a little warm water to start the juices and sprinkle, if desired, with the juice of ½ lemon. Chill and serve.

### Strawberry Cream Roll.

MIX and sift 2⅛ cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon sugar. Work in 4 tablespoons butter. Moisten with 1 cup milk. Turn out on a lightly-floured board, pat and roll out into a rectangular shape, about ¼ inch thick. Cover to within ½ inch of edge with quartered sweetened strawberries. Roll up gently, pressing ends to keep juices from escaping. Place roll, fold-side-down, in a greased baking pan. Serve hot with whipped cream or hard or plain strawberry sauce.

### Strawberry Surprise Cake.

CREAM 2 tablespoons butter with ½ cup sugar. Add ⅛ cup milk, ⅞ cup flour sifted with 1½ teaspoons baking-powder and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Beat until well blended. Add 1 beaten egg yolk and mix well. Turn into a greased and floured layer cake pan. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. Cover with 1 pint sliced strawberries sweetened with sugar to taste and allowed to "ripen" in warm place ½ hour or longer. Cover the strawberries with meringue made by beating 2 egg whites until stiff, adding 3 tablespoons powdered sugar and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, until delicately browned. Serve immediately with strawberry sauce or cream.

### Frozen Strawberries.

WASH 1 quart ripe berries. Add 2¼ cups sugar. Mix well and add 1 quart warm water and let stand 2 hours. Freeze as usual.

### Strawberry Mousse.

ADD 1 teaspoon lemon juice and ¾ cup powdered sugar to 1 cup strained strawberry pulp. Beat 1 pint cream until nearly stiff and fold in the sweetened pulp, beating until stiff. Turn into tray of mechanical refrigerator and let freeze or turn into a mold, cover closely, seal and bury in equal quantities of ice and salt for 4 hours. Unmold, serve with sweetened whipped cream and garnish with whole berries.

### Strawberry Shortcake.

MIX and sift 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking-powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Work in 4 tablespoons shortening with tips of fingers or two forks. Moisten with a scant cup of milk. Turn out on lightly-floured board and pat and roll about ¼ inch thick. Fit into greased layer cake pans. Bake in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees. Split and butter while hot. Put together and cover with strained strawberry pulp, sweetened to taste, and garnish with sweetened whipped cream. To prepare the pulp: Hull and wash ripe berries. Press through fruit press or colander. Add sugar to taste, depending upon the acidity of the berries.

### Ice Cream Sandwich.

BETWEEN slices of angel or gold cake, devil's food cake, or any favorite layer cake or eclair or cream puff shells, place a serving of vanilla ice cream. Over the top layer pour 4 or 5 tablespoons sweetened strawberry pulp. Garnish, if desired, with whipped cream and whole berries.

### Fresh Fruit Cup.

MIX ⅛ diced ripe pineapple, 3 sliced ripe bananas, 2 or 3 sliced oranges, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and 1 or 2 cups ripe strawberries. Sweeten to taste. Chill and serve.

### Strawberry Ice Cream (Quick).

CAREFULLY wash and m[illegible] 1 quart strawberries. Press through colander or ricer and sprinkle with 1 cup sugar. Let stand 2 or 3 hours. Mix 1½ cups cream, 1½ cups milk, 4 stiffly-beaten eggs and a few grains salt. Freeze to a mush, add the strawberry and sugar mixture and freeze as usual.

### Strawberry Parfait.

CAREFULLY pick over, hull, wash and mash 1 quart ripe berries. Sprinkle with 1 cup sugar, cover and let stand several hours. Press through colander or ricer. Mix 1 cup sugar and ½ cup water. Bring to boiling-point and let boil until mixture spins a thread from tip of spoon. Pour on 3 stiffly-beaten egg whites, beating constantly until stiff. When cold fold in 1 pint cream, beaten until stiff. Freeze the strawberry mixture to a mush, add cream mixture and finish freezing.

### Strawberry Cream Pie. (Georgia Style).

ROLL fine paste ¼ inch thick. Cut three large nine-inch circles and prick several times with a fork. From one of the pieces cut a circle 7½ inches in diameter, leaving a 1½ inch ring. Place on baking sheet and bake in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees. Put cream filling between the baked pastry sheets, place ring on top and fill ring with sweetened choice strawberries. Garnish with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored to taste.

### Strawberry Sauce.

CREAM ⅓ cup butter and add 1 cup sifted powdered sugar gradually while beating constantly. Have ready ⅔ cup strained thick strawberry pulp and add to the butter mixture, a little at a time, beating constantly. It is important to add strawberry pulp slowly to prevent curdling.

### Berry Sauce.

PLACE 1 pint ripe berries in a bowl with 1 tablespoon sugar and mash slightly to start flow of juice. Place in warm room or on back of stove. Beat 1 tablespoon butter until creamy, add 1½ cups sifted powdered sugar and beat well. Add 1 beaten egg white and beat again. Just before serving combine with the mashed and strained berries. Serve with ice cream, cottage pudding, etc.

### Strawberry Sherbet.

BOIL 1 quart water and 1 pound sugar for 20 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon gelatin softened in 3 tablespoons cold water. Chill. Add 1 pint strawberry juice and the juice of 1 lemon. Freeze.

### Frozen Strawberries and Cream.

BOIL 1 cup sugar with ⅔ cup hot water 2 or 3 minutes. Add ½ teaspoon gelatin soaked in 3 tablespoons cold water and stir until dissolved. When cold, add 1 quart strained strawberry pulp. Chill and freeze to a mush. Fold in 1 cup cream, beaten until stiff and sweetened with ¼ cup sugar. Finish freezing as usual.

# Appetizing Menus for the Week

*By Mary Lee Swann*

| MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY | SUNDAY |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ***Breakfast***<br>Rhubarb, Prepared Cereal, Banana Popovers, Milk or Coffee. | ***Breakfast***<br>Prunes, Soft-Cooked Eggs, Corn Muffins, Coffee. | ***Breakfast***<br>Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, French Toast, Strawberry Jam, Coffee. | ***Breakfast***<br>Grapefruit and Orange Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, Toasted Raisin Bread, Bacon, Coffee. | ***Breakfast***<br>Canned or Stewed Apricots or Tomato Juice, Cereal, Codfish Balls, Baking-Powder Biscuits, Milk or Coffee. | ***Breakfast***<br>Strawberries, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Melba Toast, Coffee. | ***Breakfast***<br>Blackberry Juice, Cereal, Cheese Popovers, Marmalade, Coffee. |
| ***Luncheon***<br>Cabbage au Gratin, Left-Over Liverwurst Salad, Graham Rolls, Apricot and Rice Pudding, Tea. | ***Luncheon***<br>Creamed Salmon on Toast, Green Peas, Bermuda Onion Salad, Fruit Trifle, Coffee Substitute. | ***Luncheon***<br>Lima Beans in Casserole, Apple Muffins, Grapefruit and Celery Salad, Cocoa. | ***Luncheon***<br>Cheese Fondue, Mixed Vegetable Salad, Nut Bread, Ginger Pudding with Lemon Sauce, Tea. | ***Luncheon***<br>Emergency Soup (Left-Overs), Banana and Nut Salad, Graham Muffins or Reheated Rolls, Honey, Milkshake or Ice Tea. | ***Luncheon***<br>Cream of Potato Soup, Croutons, Chives Tea Biscuits, Butter, Fruit Compote, Hermits, Tea with Lemon. | ***Dinner***<br>Roast Beef with Brown Gravy, Yorkshire Pudding, Mustard Sauce, Buttered Corn, Steamed Squash, May-Time Salad, Peppermint Mousse with Chocolate Sauce, Coffee Substitute. |
| ***Dinner***<br>Cream of Corn and Pimiento Soup, Baked Hash, Spinach with Hard-Cooked Eggs, Frozen Bread Pudding. | ***Dinner***<br>Roast Stuffed Beef Heart, Creamed Turnips, Baked Carrots with Dates, Tomato Cole Slaw, Macedoine of Fruit with Whipped Cream. | ***Dinner***<br>Veal Cutlets in Casserole, Riced Paprika Potatoes, Eggplant Souffle, Green Bouquet Salad, Salad Dressing, Old-Fashioned Cherry Pie. | ***Dinner***<br>Roast English Mutton, Brown Gravy, Browned Potatoes, Steamed Green Vegetables, Currant Jelly, Upside-Down Checkerboard Cake, Whipped Cream. | ***Dinner***<br>Sauerkraut Juice, Swiss Steak, Baked Noodles, Glazed Onions, Baked Okra, Caramel Blancmange. | ***Dinner***<br>Beef Liver Loaf, Savory Sauce, Green Peas and Diced Carrots in String-Bean Cups, Wilted Lettuce Salad (Old-Fashioned), Green Apple Meringue Pie. | ***Supper***<br>Jellied Potato Salad, Raw Carrot Straws, Swedish Bread, Jelly Jumbles, Cocoa. |

# Unblushing Confessions of a Famous "Gold-Digger"

(Continued from Page 18)

relatives in common. This was enough for him. He claimed a footing among us, and I soon saw him constantly.

I don't deny that he made love to me, or say it displeased me, but I had to have some distraction to console me for Pirievski's absence. Sertori was nothing more to me than a mild diversion. But I had not reckoned with feminine malice, and that is a factor one should never let oneself forget. A woman from Rumania, the Countess Vallia, often loved to pose as a woman of letters. In war-time, she would certainly be taken for a spy; but in those peaceful days, "spy" was a word confined to feuilleton fiction. Now, this woman was secretly in love with Pirievski—his charm and his romantic disposition were just what she admired. When she noticed Sertori's infatuation for me, she found nothing better to do than to write to Pirievski.

What can she have said to make him ask for no confirmation, no details, but condemn me without giving me a hearing? It must have been a real work of art, that lying report of hers.

Pirievski wrote me a furious letter. I wrote back, protesting. I was probably less eloquent in telling the truth than the Countess Vallia in telling her lie. Certainly I was not "a woman of letters." At any rate, whatever she said, Pirievski was taken in.

But the malicious woman wrote Pirievski another letter which brought my jealous lover to Paris at once. We had a most painful scene.

Perhaps grief kills love at last? The essential part of mine seemed gone, as if some spring had broken. I had wept too many tears, I had longed too bitterly to see this man again. I had perhaps dwelt too long on my memories of him and was worn out, for now that he was there before me, I could not find love in my heart for him any more.

It is too sadly true that one cannot play with love. We had killed ours, we had let the sacred fire burn out, and there we stood like puppets from whom the soul has been drained away.

I said to him:

"You must give me time. Listen! Go to the Transvaal and fight for the Boers, and come back in three months. Perhaps we shall be able to have some happiness again together after that."

I was full of passionate enthusiasm about the Boers. The courageous and futile resistance of their little band was an inspiration to me. That is why this romantic idea occurred to me.

Pirievski hesitated, but said:

"Good. I will go; but I will take your young brother with me. I promise you he shall not go near the firing line. He shall be a sort of hostage for you."

I adored my young brother, in spite of many things, and at first I vehemently refused to let him go. I had not the right to expose him, at his age, to any such risk. Pirievski waved aside my refusal and went direct to my brother. The boy had a wild, adventurous character, and jumped at once at the offer.

Not once while they were away did I have a line from either. Then came the rumor that Pirievski was "missing." Half mad with anxiety and remorse, I moved heaven and earth for news of him. I ended by finding that he had been safely in shelter all the time, and making merry with my young brother in all the pleasure places of Lorenzo Marques. Pirievski had promised that the boy should not go near the firing-line—he had certainly kept his word.

Feeling that I had been played with and made ridiculous, I was at last genuinely cured of my deep, but ill-used love.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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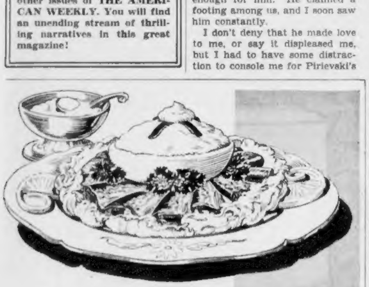

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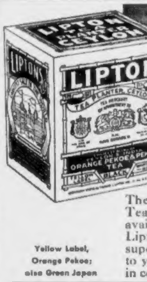

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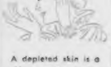

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This complete cream helps do for your skin what Nature does unaided for very young skin—supplies precious oils which once more make your skin smooth, soft, fresh. And, with gentle massage to stimulate the slow circulation, your skin becomes firmer, younger-looking.

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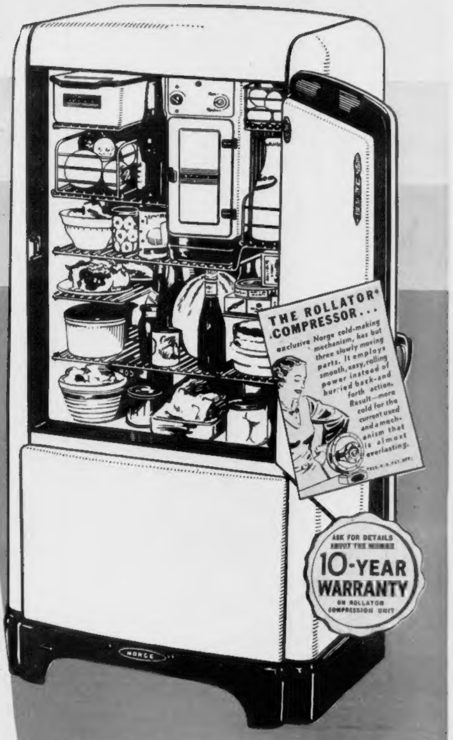

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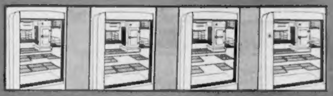

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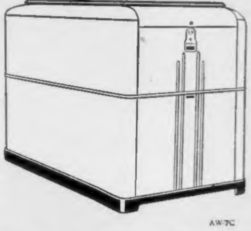

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